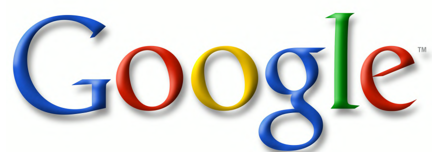

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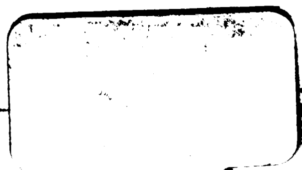

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Twenty Years on the Lecture Platform

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

JAMES HEDLEY

"THE MOST ENTERTAINING AND INSPIRING ORATOR OF HIS TIME."
"A LECTURE BY DR. HEDLEY IS ONE OF THE TREATS OF A LIFE-TIME."
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"The Sunny Side of Life"

AS DELIVERED BY HIM MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND TIMES

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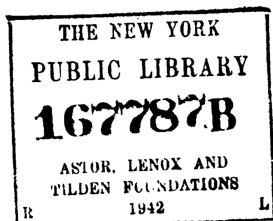

A WORD OF INSCRIPTION.

KNOW a place where love has builded; a place from which when going I weep, and to which returning I laugh, as with the laughter of angels; a place to which my children bring the first wild flowers of Spring; a place where affection lights as with the splendor of morning doorstep and window; a place that sorrow has hallowed and joy blest as with a benediction; a place where when men forsake me and doubt me, faith still abides and the heart still hopes. No painter can do it justice, no poet can sing a song worthy of it, and no philosopher can explain the meaning of its power, its uplifting, and for me its salvation. The place is HOME, and to

MARY, MY WIFE

who has made it possible, I affectionately inscribe this book.

JAMES HEDLEY.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHENEVER the spoken words of a man prove to be of value to the world, it is his duty to preserve them in an abiding form, that something more than the memory of his presence and his speech may endure, and that others in after years may benefit by his thoughts and messages, his counsel and cheer.

To me, the work of the preparation of this book has been not only a duty but a pleasure. It has been a joy to live over again the years of my struggle toward the achievement of my hopes and purposes. At this remote distance of time, the rough ways I have followed seem to have been smooth; dark days seem bright; every despair a hope, every disappointment a realization, and every sadness and rebuke a blessing.

May I commend the lessons of my brief AUTOBIOGRAPHY to the young?

The lecture which appears complete in this volume, "THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE," has been delivered nearly one thousand times, in all parts of America; more than a half million of people have listened to it with never failing delight and have been inspired and strengthened by its spirit of contentment, hope and faith.

The book is submitted for the consideration of my friends everywhere, with the hope that it may find gracious acceptance, and continue an ever-present help, an uplift and a blessing.

JAMES HEDLEY.

CLEVELAND, O.,
42 AFTON PLACE,
MONTH OF ROSES, 1901.

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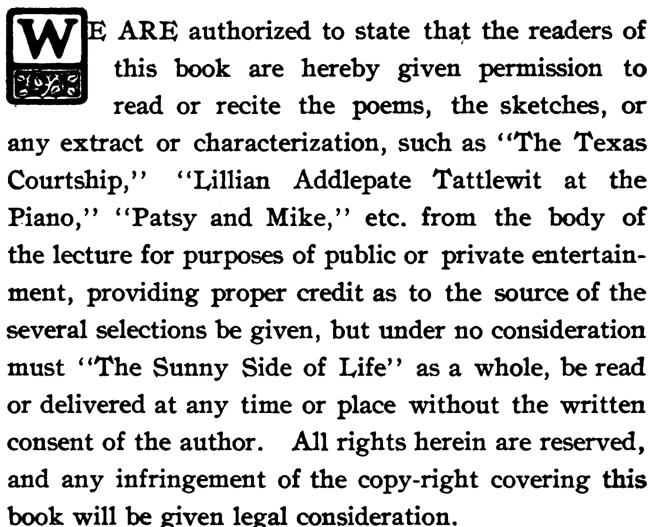

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TWENTY YEARS
. . ON . .
THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

I. THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Many times during my professional career, have I been asked the questions, "How did you get on the platform?" "What is the secret of your success there?" "How can I get there, and how can I succeed?" That these questions may be truthfully and helpfully answered, it will be necessary at the outset to repeat the story of "The philosopher's stone." The ancient alchemists believed there was a substance, somewhere upon the earth, which, if found, would convert all baser metals into gold. This substance they called the "Philosopher's stone." According to legend, Noah sought to find this same stone, that he might hang it up in the Ark to give light to every living creature therein. History nowhere states that Noah was successful. Many of the dreamers of the world have since sought it. No man has ever found it, but in the seeking after it, other things have been discovered which have brought wealth and fame. In searching for this treasure, Botticher stumbled on the invention of Dresden porcelain manufacture; Roger Bacon on the composition of gunpowder; Geber on the properties of acids; Van Helmont on the nature of gas; and Dr. Glauber on the "salts" which bear his name.

The secret of my life-work is in a sense parallel to these experiences. The dream of my youth was to be an actor. That was the "philosopher's stone" I sought. This ambition was frowned upon by my parents and friends; the calling of a "player" was denounced in unmeasured terms, as not only precarious, but unworthy, if not immoral. Always a lover of Shakespeare, that treasury of gnomic wisdom, that genius incomparable, that master of every matter of human concernment; a student of the earlier British dramatic poets, and an admirer of the stars of the stage, it was hard, indeed it seemed impossible, for me to abandon my ambition, to awake from my dream. During my school-days in the city of St. Louis, more especially at the time of my High School career, from 1861 to 1865, it was my custom to expend the dimes and quarters I earned, in witnessing such plays as "The Merchant of Venice," with the gifted Charles Kean in the character of "Shylock"; "Hamlet," as interpreted by E. L. Davenport; "Camille," by Julia Dean; a round of comedies and farces by that roguish elf of California, Lotta, and many other, to me, always delightful plays and players. In 1865, I was graduated from the Public High School, and on Commencement Day carried off the oratorical honors of my class in an address entitled "American Footprints on the Sands of Time." I appeared on that occasion in a recital from Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, in the German language, and delivered a soliloquy in French from Moliere's comedy of "La Tartuffe." Honorable mention for proficiency in composition, rhetoric, literature, and the natural sciences was accorded me.

The death of my mother, and the failure of my father in business, compelled me to abandon a college career for which I had hoped. My mother was a woman of rare cheerfulness, great refinement and spiritual fervor. Her nature was intensely religious. Her faith in Heaven and God was as firm as the everlasting hills, and as sublime as the thought of Eternity itself. With the wife of these, my later years, she was my best friend. Through the mists of nearly forty years, I can still see her sweet face. She sits by my side just now, as I write. I feel the impress and the inspiration of her life. It was a life of self-denial; a beautiful expression of tender toiling heroic womanhood. Her spirit knew no complaint. She was ever grateful for the little given her. Her soul rejoiced when joys were not, and still hoped on in spite of hard misfortune. Lines of care and suffering are upon her face, to me a face of beauty inexpressible. I have her faith, and I believe that my lips shall touch her's again, in the celestial country, when the frettings of this life are done. Had she lived, the work of my manhood might have been different to some extent. It was her hope that I might become a preacher of the gospel of the Master. In my work and way, I have always tried to speak for Him who gave Himself for us. To me, the best thing ever said of my public work was, "Dr. Hedley is a preacher whose pulpit is the platform."

Shortly after my graduation from the High School, I was placed by my father in a commission house as shipping clerk. I remained there fifteen months, and must have given reasonable satisfaction to my employer, since he saw fit, soon after I entered his establish-

ment, to raise my wages from twenty to seventy dollars a month. My heart beat no time to the uncongenial music of that occupation, however. My spare hours were employed in reading the writings of the dramatists, poets, saints, and sages, and in reciting the soliloquies of great actors, and the speeches of orators, more especially of the dramatic order. More than once my employer caught me "spouting" tragic lines for the entertainment of the draymen and packers who labored under my direction, and for this I was frequently berated. One day, in a fit of dreamy abstraction, I consigned two thousand sacks of corn, which had been intended for Vicksburg, to New Orleans. Business did not fit me; I was a round peg in a square hole. I was discharged. Buchanan Forden, a physician and surgeon of St. Louis, urged me to adopt the profession of medicine. Having saved a little money out of mv salary as shipping clerk, I became a student in a small medical college, a humble but earnest school, which has since joined the silent caravans of the forgotten. Financial circumstances compelled me to leave the college within a year. Dr. Forden took me into his office, gave me the benefit of clinics and general hospital experience, and in two years, and when but twenty-one, I was in the midst of a reasonably busy practice.

I was never happy as a physician, and in my judgment was never a great success. There always rose within me the old cry, "Oh, to be an actor!" Many a time, I used to run away from my pills and my patients to the grand old woods which skirted the western side of the town, and there alone, fancying myself a Kean or a Davenport, and the trees a listening audi-

ence, I "acted" in a very rapture of delight. An occasional passerby would look at me with amazement, doubtless under the impression that I had escaped from some lunatic asylum. One day, I abruptly abandoned medicine and everything connected with it. An advertisement appeared in the New York Clipper, a theatrical journal, stating that a young man of good address, some education and a limited wardrobe, was wanted to play the parts of a "walking gentleman" in the Opera House at Saint Paul, Minn.; salary, twelve dollars per week. The golden opportunity had come. A local tragedian gave me an idea of what was desired in the way of a "limited wardrobe," and straightway I invested in some "tights" of various colors, a "ballet shirt and trunks," two "shape dresses," of red and blue velvet respectively, three or four wigs, a cheap modern suit or two, and a "make-up box" of grease paints. In the meantime, having communicated with the manager of the theater, and been accepted, I started by steamer up the Mississippi River for the Mecca of my dreams, the Opera House at Saint Paul. Being able to sing, I was given the part of Rudolph, a lover with songs, in a spectacular play, then all the rage, entitled "The Black Crook." This ran for a number of weeks. Financially, my dramatic experience in the city of one of the saints, was not a colossal success. Only on one occasion did my salary materialize in full. On salary day, the manager generally "managed" to be very ill in bed, with inflammatory rheumatism, and utterly unfit to visit the box office. At such times, he frequently sent for me to come and see him. With tears streaming down his rubicund cheeks (he was a veritable Fal-

staff in face and figure, and in conscience, too,) he would moan, "James, my boy, you don't know how I suffer; rub me, rub me, my boy, and God will bless you." His appeals touched my unsophisticated heart, and he obtained the rubbing, while I went away without my salary.

I enjoyed the life, however. There was an atmosphere of romance, and poetry about it; the lights, the music, the scenery, the costumes, the jolly companionship, and the Bohemian trend of it all, fascinated me, and I was happy in spite of many hungry days, and a penniless pocket. This was in the summer of 1869. Among my acquaintances of those days, the name of one will never be forgotten. He was George L. Aiken, the first dramatist of the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was my friend. How much that means! Many a ship would be wrecked upon the rocks in the river of life, but for the anchorage of friendship. It was Plato who said, "I would rather have one good friend than all the treasures and delights of Darius." Cicero said, "Neither water, fire, nor the air we breathe, is more necessary to us than friendship." George Aiken was my friend. A man of culture, a writer of no mean order, and a Christian gentleman, his place in my heart remains the same after more than thirty years. He was the "leading man" in the theater. Often, when I had been without a meal for a day, he fed me; when ill, he provided the medicine, I myself prescribed; we chummed and communed together; read good books together; fished and swam in the lakes of Minnesota side by side, and in sweet unselfish ways gave our hearts to each other. At his request, I accompanied him to

Omaha, Neb., in late August, 1869, and with him, became a member of the stock company of the old Academy of Music. Many distinguished players appeared on the boards of that old theatre, and my experience was varied and valuable.

The theatre was conducted on the stock company plan. There were no travelling combinations in those days. An occasional "star" chanced along, and the resident company was expected to support him or her as the case might be, in a round of plays, with a change of program nightly. This meant hard work and plenty of it, for the stock member. My position in the company was that of "first walking gentleman and general utility," and in that capacity almost everything was demanded of me. I have frequently memorized and acted the parts of "Horatio" in "Hamlet"; "Cassio" in "Othello"; "Gratiano" in "The Merchant of Venice"; "Paul" in "The Angel of Midnight"; "Basil Clifton" in "A Child of the Sierras"; "Father Barbeaud" in "Fanchon"; "Noah Leroyd" in "The Long Strike"; "Myron" in "Ingomar"; "The Signal Man" in "Under the Gaslight," besides various characters in different farces. All this work was done within the scope of two weeks. Many of the parts contained from one thousand to three thousand words. There can be no over-estimating the value of this experience in the cultivation of a ready and retentive memory. I need not say how useful it has been to me in the preparation of my lectures in the years of platform work. I learned other things, for which no other experience could have afforded equal opportunity. I mastered the art of graceful sitting down and getting up; proper methods

of entrance and exit; poise of body, and also learned how necessary it is when speaking, to address the listeners who sit farthest from the stage, at the extreme end of the auditorium. Too many public speakers seem to be under the impression that if they manage to make themselves heard by those who occupy the first three or four rows of seats, they are doing all that is required of them. An actor may impress to some extent without being heard; he may even be comprehended, but a lecturer cannot do this. The lecturer must be heard, and heard by all. The knowledge of elocutionary and dramatic expression gained in those months at the Academy, has been of inestimable value. Thought may reach the head, but if it is to touch the heart and stir the emotions, it must be aflame with something of dramatic fire. Words must burn while thoughts breathe. I learned also to forget the audience; to bear it in mind at least only sub-consciously. The sense of a great gathering, with its attention centered wholly upon a solitary speaker, if permitted to dominate that speaker must be, and is, overwhelming. To permit the mind to dwell upon it, is for me, ruin. The glare of the foot-lights has a tendency to shut out the audience from the speaker, and with me, that is always "a consummation devoutly to be wished." To this day, I ask for lighted foot-lights.

Toward the close of my year in that old Omaha theater, a "star," by the name of Madame Methua-Scheller, a magnificent artist and a noble-souled woman, visited us. It was my fortune to play with her in a Shakespearian repertoire. She seemed much pleased with my work. One night, in her kindly fashion, she

said: "Mr. Langdon," (that being my nom-de-theatre) "you are very conscientious; you delight me; you work very hard; you are valuable here. What salary do you receive?" "Eighteen dollars a week," I replied. "And provide your own wardrobe?" she continued, "Yes," I answered. "It is too little, my boy; it is an outrage; your brain is of good quality, and worth more to you than that." I have always remembered that. Good work is worth a good price. Bad work is dear at any price. That which we understand, is entitled to commensurate reward, and that financially. It is the knowing how, that merits compensation. A man employed a negro to kill a calf. He did the work well. His bill was five dollars. The man complained of the charge, saying, "Tom Washington only charges one dollar." "Dat may be," replied the negro, "but I do not kill like Tom Washington. He makes a botch; I knows how. I charge one dollar, de same as Tom, for de killin', and four dollars for knowin' how." My sympathies are with those who know how. As this world goes, and we are very much of this world while we are in it, money is not only a means of life, but a measure of success. The philosophy which affects to despise money does not run very deep. The penniless vagrant will tell you that he hates money, but I never knew one to refuse a dollar when it was offered him. We are all (with rare and unreasonable exceptions) sufficiently worldly to want all of it we can honestly obtain. The possession of wealth on the part of one man, is very apt to excite envy in the minds of those who have no wealth. There is much loud declamation in these times against the "monster" money. I have yet to learn of a

man with even a tolerable amount of financial means in his pocket who has conscientiously joined in the outcry. The responsibility for the widespread disaffection of these days, so resonant with the noise of socialistic and anarchistic voices, may be justly laid at the doors of those who in most, if not all things, have been financial failures. Money! It is one of the world's marks of merit. Rightly employed, it is an evangel of good, and blessings are borne upon its shining wings. I have not had, nor have I very much money, but what I have had and have, means my comfortably clothed body, my reasonable dinner, my books, my bits of art, a modest cosy home, its song and its laughter, a plot of grass, a few flowers, and the benediction of a happy wife's smiles and of the music of children's voices. I have so large and generous a faith in the capacity of common humanity, that I believe as much as this to be possible to every man and woman, and this faith has blossomed above the ashes of a time when for days I was hungry, and for nights slept upon a bale of cotton, with a strip of canvas for my coverlet. Madame Scheller was the first to implant in my mind a fair and righteous sense of my value to myself. This came to me, unsought, while seeking my "philosopher's stone" in the dramatic world.

Shortly before the termination of my year's engagement at the Academy, I was requested by the management to announce (before the curtain) a benefit performance to be given in the theatre, for some orphaned children, whose father and mother had lost their lives in a serious local fire. This occurred during a second engagement with Madame Methua-Scheller. I did the

best I could, in my way, to urge a generous patronage, and a liberal response on the part of the people with heart and purse. On my return to the dressing room, or rather the "green room," the general waiting apartment of the theatre, Madame Scheller seized my hand, and with tear-wet eyes, said, "Come with me to the wings of the stage a moment." I followed her. On reaching a retired corner, she said: "That was beautiful, so beautiful! I heard it all. You are gifted in a way different from the actor. You are more the orator. You can do more than imitate, you can compose; you are a poet; you have a tender soul. You are out of place here. You need a wider field for your mind and heart than the theater can give. You should be a lecturer, not an actor. You will bless men, and honor God most, out of the theatre. Let me beg of you to think of this." The voice of the call-boy broke in upon the conversation, "All ready for the next act!" She left me abruptly. Again were my feet, tramping in search of the "philosopher's stone," turned in another direction. I went to my little room in a modest hotel, at the close of the performance, with her words echoing and re-echoing in my ears. "A wider field for my brain and heart!" "A lecturer!" Me! The poor walking gentleman of a "prairie theatre," a lecturer! Was she right? In my heart, I hoped she was. Could I compose? Could I hope to be something more than a mere interpreter of the thoughts of others?

I sat, late into the night, pondering these questions over and over; suddenly there was a knock at the door of my memory, and my boyhood was with me again. As a lad of sixteen years, I sat in the old hall of the

Mercantile Library, at Saint Louis, with more than two thousand others, listening to a marvellous dramatic orator. He was describing the power of habit; he told of the slaves who had enlisted under the black banner of intemperance, licentiousness, and the myriad hosts of debasing, degrading passions that cling to and destroy their victims, alluring, fascinating like the fabled vampire, who fans to sleep with his broad wings, and sucks out life itself with every breath! He told of the noisy revel, the debauch, and the fierce excitement of drink, and of how the fettered, shrieking wretch tried to forget his being. Once he could pray; once he loved purity; once he drank living waters from the fountain of peace. Thinking of this, it maddened him. The memory of a mother's lullaby crooned at the twilight hour in his childhood, the sweet hymns she sang, rang in his ears, like the death-knell of a murderer. Once, he bore God's image, but the foul brand of intemperance was on his brow; sensuality sat upon his bloated lips; the dull water of disease stood stagnant in his eyes, and the bright image of God was marred. Once, purity clothed him, as with a white garment; now he was black with the gutter-livery of the tyrant-master who held him. He sold his birthright for pleasure, and now he is cursed with a heritage of woe. He dissolved his pearl of great price in the cup of hell, and drank it. Once his heart beat time to the celestial music of happiness; now there is the discord of agony in his breast; every melody is harsh and out of tune, and shouting with fearful wildness, or laughing with the glee of the maniac, he shrinks and shivers, and with a curse reels into the bottomless pit of the soul's desolation. How

the words of that orator had burned into my brain! I could hear them again. The speaker was with me in my little room; I could see him; he was John B. Gough!

As my thoughts went back to that old time, I remembered that for five consecutive nights I listened to him. His subjects were "Habit," "Lights and Shadows of London Life," "Peculiar People," "Circumstances," and "Temperance." His fame had reached even me, young as I was, and for weeks I anticipated his coming with an ecstasy of expectant delight. I was poor, but by doing odd jobs managed to earn the money needed to hear him. I walked five miles to and from every lecture; I heard them all. For me it was a week of heaven. Next to the teachings of my mother nothing ever took such hold on me for lasting moral good. I do not recall another time in my life when I seemed to be so inspired to do brave things, to live purely and unselfishly for others, to make the years remaining to me chapters of beauty and courage and faith. I walked as in the upper air slowly home after each lecture, and dreamed that perhaps the time might come when I could do such work for mankind. In the later years of my life I have tried. But the lecture platform was not then the goal of my ambition; it was not the "philosopher's stone" I sought. No, I would be an actor. Well, I had been one for something less than two years, and an actress had turned me to the right about. Could I give up the stage? How the stories of the triumphs of Kean and Macready and Forrest and Booth tugged at my heart-strings! Could I give up Shakespeare and all the resplendent line of the knights of the "sock and buskin" in his train? Shakespeare! How I had loved

him while yet a student at school! Surely his was a great heart. Let Timon and Warwick and Antonio answer for that. What question of morals did he not adorn? How many problems of philosophy and of religion had he not settled? What calling of life had he not considered? As Talma, the actor, taught Napoleon, so has Shakespeare taught kings the true meaning of state. Never a maiden half so fine in the warp of her feeling as he in the woof of his delicacy. Never a lover beneath the eye of the moon has seen so deep into his lassie's eyes as he into the heart of love. Where the Solomon half so wise as he? Wise! Was he wise in truth? In genius a colossus, but in character—"ah! there's the rub." His life and his genius did not trot in twin harness. Milton, Tennyson, Whittier, fashioned of the material of their souls, lives of beauty of a quality finer than the texture of their fairest poetic dreams. Can we say this of Shakespeare? What of his carousals, his pipes and ale, his rude companionship? How much of his best thought did he mean, and this may be answered by asking how much of it did he live? After all, is not the best of life something more than a "Twelfth Night," a "Winter's Tale," or a "Midsummer Night's Dream"? Beautiful these are, but they are of the rainbow, and not of the solid earth. If I am to make anything of my life, I must stand not upon fiction, not upon tissue, but upon fact, upon granite. I must be what I seem. I must chip with the chisel of my purpose, be it ever so small, not at the fancies and emotions of men, but at their consciences. Did Madame Scheller feel the truth of this when she said, "You will bless men, and honor God most, out of the theatre"?

It was four o'clock, and the faint pink of an early May sunrise began to steal into my room, as, over-wearied with the night's communings, I tumbled half undressed into bed, to catch a little sleep before the work of the day, which began with a rehearsal in the theatre at ten o'clock. I awoke at eight, rested in body and with my mind as clear as the light of the beautiful day itself. It seemed as if a hundred voices were all shouting at once, "Your duty lies in paths other than those of the theatre. The actress is right. Your mother, were she here, would say, 'Amen.'" Somehow I said to myself, I shall make my way. In six weeks the season will close at the theatre and I shall leave it forever, and seek elsewhere "the philosopher's stone." On the way to the rehearsal I found myself singing in paraphrase a Sabbath-school song of my childhood:

"I'll be a voice, a persuasive voice,
And I'll travel the wide world through;
I'll speak to the men from a heart of love,
And I'll tell them to be true."

II. TRIED AS BY FIRE.

My engagement at the Academy of Music was concluded about the middle of June, 1870. I turned my thoughts immediately to the preparation of a lecture, deciding to deliver it in the city of Omaha, where I believed my acquaintance, especially among those who had been the patrons of the theatre, would be likely to give me an audience. What should I lecture about? Could I say anything which would enlist the attention

of the conglomerate mixture of people which made up the inhabitants of the city in that early day? All sorts and conditions of men were about me. Good, bad and indifferent; every quarter of our country, if not of the world, was represented in that polyglot town on the western bank of the Missouri river. The rough and ever ready phrase of the time, and one which was in the mouths of nearly everybody, was "boom or bust." Omaha was the golden Mecca of thousands. It was a land of opportunity, and fortunes were to be had there. Everybody wanted money. The methods by which it was to be gained were not always wise, certainly not always moral. Men and women, too, of the "half-world" were everywhere. Adventurers and adventuresses were much in evidence. Faro rooms, keno shops, liquor saloons and dens of infamy were numerous. Returning miners from the Eldorados of the farther West were waylaid by shrewd commercial sharks, determined by hook or crook to get the gold they brought in exchange for shoddy clothing and shoddier jewelry. There were churches, however, and good schools. Christian men and women labored for decency and righteousness, and on the whole, law and order were in the ascendancy. The paramount spirit of the time and place was practical, material. There was a largeness about everything. Big ideas, and big achievements were not only the dream, but the fulfillment of the hour. George Francis Train was there with his "Credit Foncier of America." His gigantic, but half-mad schemes, his boldness, were popular and contagious. In spite of his eccentricities. he was the idol of many. He built a hotel of a hundred rooms in thirty days, because the

manager of another hotel refused to board him for nothing, or as the irrepressible Train himself said, "Because my conversation and my companionship were not considered adequate compensation for what I ate!" On all great occasions of public interest he was generally the presiding genius. When the Union Pacific Railway was finished, and the last spike, one of gold, was driven, George Francis Train was the commemorative orator. Those were wild but wide days. Opportunity, progress, development, fortune, were the watchwords. All this I knew and felt, and something of its spirit pervaded my own soul. It shaped my thought, and so my maiden lecture was a tribute to modern opportunity and modern advancement, and was called "The Magnificent To-day." It was written out, committed to memory, and delivered verbatim without notes. This has always been my method; my best work has always been done in that way. Some conception of the trend of my thought, and of the character of my work at that time, when but twenty-two years of age, may be had from the following partial transcript of the lecture:

"What a privilege it is to live in these times. This is indeed a magnificent to-day. The boy who is born in these days, if he lives but a dozen years, comes upon a richer heritage than did the boy of ten centuries, or even one century ago. They of the dead centuries have left much for us. Coming into the world rich, with the treasures of discovery, invention, art, commerce, mechanics, science, poetry and religion all ready for us, we have only to make wise investments now, and the accumulated outcome cannot fail to bring fortune far beyond that of other and earlier times. This is no ex-

aggerated estimate; no undue appreciation of the conditions with which life to-day is surrounded. Turn to anything you like for illustration and proof. Consider art, or poetry; science or invention; consider any phase you will, and the verdict will favor these days. The ancient Michael Angelo lives again in Hiram Powers; nay, the lessons of exquisite purity and modest sweetness, the spiritual uplifting in the speaking marble of the Greek Slave transcend any lesson found in Angelo's marbles, or on old St. Peter's dome. Dante's wildly lighted sublimity of the Inferno reaches a higher pinnacle in Milton's heaven-kissed sublimity of "Paradise Regained." The wisdom of Plato lives again, and in more comprehensible, more valuable fashion, in the philosophy of Spencer. All the poets of the dead centuries sing again, and in nobler strains, in sublimer measure through Shakespeare. The old legends of the Argonauts and Norsemen, quaint, bold, heroic, speak a firmer message in the writings of Bret Harte, and here in this magic city of the wondrous West find living exemplification, day by day. (Applause.) Rabelais and Sterne swept with the fingers of their humor no such sweet and happy strings of the heart as our own Mark Twain. The incomprehensible and mystical chemistry of the ancient alchemists is made to brighten and bless, to profit all mankind by the masterful brain and hands of a Tyndall. The boasted malleable glass of the age of Tiberius reached its highest expression of perfection and beauty in the costume of spun glass, with folds as pliable and texture more delicate than the finest silk, worn by Marie Choteau at the Southern Ball in St. Louis in 1865. We read in many a fable of the rare

and beautiful in art, and we wonder if ever such Aladdin-like gems were worn in the dead and buried centuries. Our doubting wonderment, however, is turned to faith, to absolute belief in these years. In the city of New York, at the establishment of Starr & Marcus, the great jewellers of that metropolis, you may see exquisite and wonderfully minute cameo cuttings upon onyx, sardonyx and chalcedony; in the pale, tender pink of sardonyx is Thorwaldsen's 'Night and Morning'; a pair of cameos, intended for small sleeve buttons. Graceful Night floats upward, bearing in her arms sleeping, dimpled, smiling cherubs, while lightly floating on transparent clouds is the lovely form of Morning, dropping flowers. The figures are white on a pink ground. A tiny black onyx is cut in cameo, three layers white, two shades brown, the figures being "The Wise Men" on horseback, three abreast, going to Christ. The horses are exquisitely carven in white and light brown, the costumes in dark brown, every detail most minutely and perfectly given, and just above them shines the "Star," with transparent halo and rays; one can almost imagine its glory. The microscopic charms worn in these days are as delicate in workmanship and far more beautiful than the famed ring of Michael Angelo, which contained the figures of seven women. In one with an eye-piece no bigger than the head of a pin, I have seen the 'Crucifixion'; thirteen figures visible in the scene.

"There is, in the city of Berlin, a church capable of seating one thousand persons. This church is circular in form. The relievos, the statues, the roof, the ceiling and the Corinthian capital are all of water-proof paper.

Imagine a hymn sung by one thousand voices in an edifice built of old rags! This is indeed the fulfilment of the second Frederick's prophecy, made in 1766, that 'paper cathedrals would within a century spring out of his snuff-boxes, by some sleight-of-hand in advancing art.' We have no Solomon's Temple, no Roman forum, but we have in England a palace made almost entirelv of glass, covering an area of eighteen acres. Now that I think of it, I remember to have read something somewhere about a Connecticut Yankee who proposed to build a pagoda of soap-bubbles. (Slight applause.) Beyond the existence of a mouldy painting of a ship, full of clumsy machinery, there is nothing to prove that the people of the buried centuries knew aught of the use of steam. It remained for our own Morse to utilize the blazing autograph of God, snatched from the storm-swept sky, to bind it in a thread of wire, and in electric whispers to talk to the wondering ones in the farthest corners of the world! Demosthenes may have stirred the people with the fire of his oratory, but we of America can boast a man of chaster speech and sweeter diction, of greater eloquence, because of greater manhood, in Wendell Phillips. Save here and there an exception, as in the instance of Sibilla, wife of Robert of Normandy, who, when her husband was struck with a poisoned arrow, sucked the poison from his arm, dying that he might live, the years of the ancient past were unmarked by such as Elizabeth Dix, Mary Livermore and Florence Nightingale. True philosophy, elevated reason, and divine revelation, hand in hand, like angel sisters lead the world to-day, enlightening, reforming, and saving. We of America stand in the fore-front,

marching with Time to a better Eternity."

Somewhat crude, and in some things a little overstated, and yet my heart was made glad when the "Herald" the morning after the lecture said, "The young man gave evidence of inherent oratoric power, and if he continues in this new work, patiently, persistently, he cannot fail of success."

As to the material side of this initial venture as a lecturer, I can only say it was a complete failure. It was delivered in a little dingy room called Choral Union Hall, and the audience numbered twenty-six listeners. Seven of these were "dead-heads," so that my financial revenue at twenty-five cents admission amounted to just four dollars and seventy-five cents! The rent of the hall was ten dollars; the posters, circulars and advance notices in the local papers cost fourteen dollars; distribution a dollar and a half, and the postage on some letters written to personal friends, twelve cents. Twenty-five dollars and sixty-two cents outlay as against four dollars and seventy-five cents income, left a loss on the venture of twenty dollars and eighty-seven cents.

At the close of the lecture I made my way back to my little room at the hotel by a route which led through alleys and obscure side streets, not because I was discouraged, but because I had no wish to hear what I was satisfied would be the Job-like comfortings of my friends. On reaching my room I did not retire to bed, but took up a book recently purchased entitled "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," by that versatile entertainer and traveller, Stephen C. Massett. The sub-title of the book was "Drifting About," and this expresses its character. It was the story of an entertainment given

by Mr. Massett under the caption, "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville, a man of mirth, with story and song," and described a tour of the world which he made while giving his entertainment. The book had a peculiar fascination for me, and I read it far into the "wee sma' hours." It was filled with sketches of all sorts of men and women, accounts of trials and triumphs, failures and successes, dreams and fancies, melody and legend, and there was about it an air of romance that appealed strongly to my temperament. I remember that I enjoyed most Mr. Massett's account of an attempt he made to give his entertainment before a crowd of rough miners in the gold regions of California. They laughed at, and not with him, pelted him with ancient eggs, and in many ways did all they could to disconcert him, but through it all he kept his temper, and in the end the miners voted him a good fellow. His statement that at the close of his tour of the world he had realized a profit of just one shilling, stirred my risibilities to the utmost, and I laughed and laughed until I could laugh no more. Doubtless my own experiences of the evening had much to do with it. Misery loves company, and failure enjoys the sound of an echoing voice from the heart of a brother. I fell in love with Massett, and voted him a hero. A philosopher surely he was, because however thick and sharp the thorns about him, he declined to sit on them; he stepped round them. Had he journeyed for a year among thieves, his assets could not have been less, and yet he did not mourn, but consoled himself with the reflection that the sun and moon, the sky and the earth, and all that in them is, were still his own to look on and enjoy. The grandest souls are

seldom those who roll in luxury. Socrates lived under the Thirty Tyrants. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe him. "How is it possible," he says, "that a man who has nothing, who is naked, houseless, without a hearth, squalid, without a slave, without a city, can pass a life that flows easily? See, God has sent a man to show you that it is possible. Look at me, who am without a city, without possessions, without a slave; I sleep on the ground; I have no wife, no children, no pretorium, but only the earth and heavens, and one poor clock. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? Am I not free? When did any of you see me failing in the object of my desire? Did I ever blame God or man? Did I ever accuse any man? Did any of you ever see me with a sorrowful countenance? And how do I meet those whom you are afraid of and admire? Do I not treat them like slaves? Who, when he sees me, does not think that he sees his king and master?" Here's to Stephen Massett! Shout, O. my soul, a loud hosanna to the courage, the faith, and the hope of dear old Epictetus! Daylight, with eyes of gold, began to peep into my window, and I tumbled into bed, resolved to do what Jeems Pipes of Pipesville had done, and to bear myself, come what might, like Epictetus of old.

I slept till aften ten o'clock, awoke refreshed, went out for a little breakfast, and returned to my room, and at once began the preparation of an entertainment which I called "Merydyth Krayne of Kraynesville, an Apostle of Happiness." I worked at this for a week or more. It was an olla podrida of song and story, of impersonations, of character, dramatic recitals, solo har-

monica playing, and closed with a brief lecture on "Temperance." The warp and woof of the various experiences of my life entered into its tissue. The memory of a lecture I had heard when seventeen years of age by Antemus Ward; my week under the spell of the marvellous Gough; my life in the theatre; Massett's book; what of music I was master of, both vocal and instrumental, and the spirit of old Epictetus all combined as inspirations for my entertainment. Was it a patchwork of borrowed shreds? Aye, verily. And yet, where is the pilgrim in this vale of smiles, otherwise the earth, who is not a borrower? Tennyson and Longfellow string their lyres to old tunes, and sing the songs of other days. Homer and Virgil are but epitomes of all the men and women of our planet. Ben Franklin stole his thunder from another, as he stole his lightning from the sky. Some Ting Fung Chang of the time of Confucius invented an engine, before Stephenson was born or thought of. The ancient Romans knew the secret of movable types. Gunpowder was a Japanese plaything before men used it to kill each other. This is the only criminal borrowing on record. This theft has filled the world with tears and blood, and made man, the image of his Maker, of less moment than the dirt of the fields, since lives untold have been destroyed that a few men might have much dirt. The Arabians expounded science before Europe produced a Humboldt, a Faraday or a Tyndall. The mighty Alexander had a copy of the "Iliad" enclosed in a nut-shell; somebody must have done the writing with the aid of a microscope.

There is nothing new under the sun. Nothing is

original, unless it be "original sin." Five hundred years ago Chaucer wrote:

> "Out of the olde fields, as men saithe,
> Cometh all this new corn fro' year to year;
> And out of olde books in good faithe,
> Cometh all this new science that men lere."

Reflections such as these left me no qualms of conscience as to the sources of my entertainment. I completed my program, expended twenty-five dollars for posters and circular announcements, mailed a sufficient quantity to the proprietor of the hall at a place twenty-six miles below Omaha on the Missouri Pacific R. R., called Plattsmouth, to advertise my coming, waited a week for the announcements to find lodgment in the minds of the dwellers in that little town, and on the morning of the fourth of July, 1870, started on my *tour* of the world. After settling my bill at the Omaha hotel, and paying for my railroad ticket, I had on hand a cash capital of five dollars and seventy cents. On arriving at Plattsmouth, I found that the inhabitants thereof had gone to a place by the name of "Weeping Water" (since styled by the inimitable Robert J. Burdette, "Minne-boo-hoo") to attend a barbecue, listen to patriotic orations, and enjoy fireworks in the evening. Plattsmouth, therefore, in the matter of inhabitants that day, was about as full as the Sahara Desert. At eight o'clock I walked upon the platform of the Town Hall, and faced an inspiring multitude of five creatures; two men and one woman who had paid the admission of twenty-five cents, the proprietor of the hall, and his dog. I delivered my entertainment. Once or twice the

dog barked. At this interval of time I have no memory of any other applause. After paying the rent of the hall, settling my bill at the hotel and at the printing office, I found myself in possession of something more than the shilling with which Stephen Massett finished his tour of the world; I was the opulent owner of thirty cents.

I slept soundly all night after the entertainment, remained in Plattsmouth until five o'clock of the day of July fifth, and with my little hand-satchel started on my return trip to Omaha. Practically penniless, it was my purpose to walk the twenty-six miles which lay between that city and Plattsmouth. I started on my journey, and in the course of perhaps half an hour, came to the Platte river, which I had forgotten. It was necessary to cross this river. For weeks the weather had been hot and dry, and the stream, whose waters in color resembled that of the hair of a sun-burned yellow dog, only more so, was shallow, and here and there, the rocks were visible above the surface. I sat down upon a decayed log at the bank of the river, and waited for the shades of night to provide me with a private dressing, or rather undressing room. About nine o'clock I stripped, and with my clothing and satchel under my arms, waded the never-to-be-forgotten stream. The geography of the Platte river has ever remained a fixed thing in my memory. I know just where it winds its measly way along; I am familiar with its rocks and shallows; its eddies and swirls; it is to me a wondrous place to memory dear. It was one of the Rubicons of my life, and like Caesar of old, I crossed it. Not with banners gay, or the inspiring strains of martial music,

but naked and alone. On reaching the opposite bank, I covered myself from the curious gaze of the night-moths and mosquitoes; that is to say, I dressed again. I walked on through tall tangled prairie grass, stumbled into innumerable ground-hog holes, started here and there a sleepy snake, or a covey of young quails, until two o'clock in the morning. Tired and footsore, I dropped into the tall grass, wet with the dews of the season, and surrendered myself to my first practical experience of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." The gossamer of that dream was poor, thin stuff, and the trimming thereof was the ragged fringe of hard reality. Neither Oberon, the king of the fairies, nor Titania, his dainty and beloved queen, visited me with honeyed words of cheer. Peas-blossom came not, but Cobweb did, and Mustard-seed, in right goodly numbers. Moonshine leered at me, like the clown of Shakespeare's fancy, and mocked my every groaning with a grin. Snout was there; I saw him; he came in the shape of a wolf; but when I shouted and flung my satchel at him, he fled like a miserable, unsocial coward.

Mine was no

"Bank wheron the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious wood-bine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

Once I thought I heard the voice of Puck crying:

"Now the hungry lion roars;
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Everyone lets forth his sprite
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Follow darkness like a dream."

I fell asleep, but my rest was fitful, and I awoke before the dawn, saying with Helena,

"O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; shine comforts from the East,
That I may back to Athens (Omaha) by daylight!"

My "Midsummer Night's Dream" came to an end about seven o'clock in the morning, and I was again at the starting point of my tour of the world. With my cash capital of thirty cents I walked into a restaurant (I think it was styled the "Bon-Ton"), and ordered a simple breakfast of coffee, a roll and an egg. This reduced my cash capital to *ten cents.* I had *money,* that magical thing which crowns the fields with diadems of golden corn, which fishes the rarest pearls from the depths of the sea, and drags from the quarry's bed the marbles that whiten a thousand palaces. I did not have much, to be sure, but I had enough, because I had breakfasted. I should not be hungry again for hours. I did not stand "four-square to all the world" perhaps, but I was a "full man," and as I owed no man any-

thing, I was happy. While discussing my breakfast I said to the colored waiter who served me, "Do you know of any chance about here to get a job?" "Yes, sah," he replied. "De lady who runs dis place wants a cashier." I thanked him for the information, and after finishing my breakfast, walked to the rear of the restaurant, and asked a pleasant faced woman, who sat at a desk if I might have the position of cashier in her establishment, which I understood was vacant. She looked at me for a moment, and with a smile of recognition said, "Are you not Mr. Langdon, of the Academy of Music?" On being answered affirmatively, she remarked, "I always enjoyed your work at the theatre; if you will serve me as faithfully as you served the management there, you may have the place at five dollars a week and your meals." Old adages began to flit through my mind: "It is better to be born lucky than rich;" "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." I served in the restaurant for three weeks, and I did my work well.

One day, at the expiration of that time, while chatting with a customer, I learned that the Omaha Passenger Transfer Company needed a book-keeper. I called upon the superintendent and asked for the situation. He, too, looked at me a moment, and observed, "You are Mr. Langdon, of the theatre, are you not?" "Yes," I replied. "What do you know about book-keeping?" "I believe I can keep your books," I answered. "Book-keeping was one of my studies at the High School in St. Louis; I was called a good student." "Well, young man," he continued, "I need a book-keeper, and if you can furnish a letter of recommenda-

tion from any well-known man, you may come and show us what you can do." Rapidly I ran over in my mind the possibilities of a recommendation from a "well-known man." I called to mind grand old John Hogan, the one-time postmaster of St. Louis, a man of sterling worth, and well-known throughout the West. He had been my Sabbath-school teacher, and I had been his favorite scholar. I mentioned his name. "A letter from him," said the superintendent, "will be sufficient." In response to my communication, a letter came from Mr. Hogan, stating that I was a young man of excellent education, and sterling moral qualities, and in every way worthy of a position of trust. I remained with the Passenger Transfer Company for about a year. During that time, my salary was increased month by month, from forty dollars to eighty. The transfer business at that day was a great enterprise. No bridge spanned the Missouri river; passengers and baggage were conveyed by means of large omnibuses, and wagons, many of which required four and even six horses to move them. Thousands of people were transferred by this means, the conveyances making the journey from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Omaha, in ferry boats. Those were busy days. It seemed as if all the world had selected Omaha as the Mecca of its hopes and dreams. I have seen as many as seventy passengers crowded into a single great omnibus, and frequently five and even six hundred men, women and children were handled without accident in one trip. The cost of the transfer for one passenger and one hundred pounds of baggage was seventy-five cents.

The company also carried on what was called a

"Cross-line" between the towns of Council Bluffs and Omaha. The conveyances were coaches holding twelve passengers, and were for the accommodation of the local traffic between these cities. The price for this service was fifty cents. It was a financially profitable institution. The superintendent was a man of no education as books go; he lacked refinement in the delicate sense of that term; his penmanship was abominable, and his spelling worse; "horses," he spelled "hosses"; "corn" and "oats," in his letters and notes were "korn" and "otes"; he would have been the ideal of the present-day apostles and disciples of the phonetic system. He was, however, a man of resource, economy and indomitable energy. He made things go. It was a good school for me. What of business ability I possess was learned then. I saw much of human nature. Many a lesson of self-denial, hope and courage came to me. Instances of love and faith, and of a determination to win place and home, to make the most of slender opportunity, to bear and forbear, and to do those things which giants are supposed to do, in the way of overcoming obstacle and opposition, to triumph over hard circumstance were every day apparent.

My duties one day called me to the Union Depot at Council Bluffs. It was about five o'clock in the evening; the trains were arriving from the East, and crowds of pilgrims and emigrants of every nationality were stepping from the cars to the station platform. In the midst of the throng I noticed a giant of a man, a Swede, with a shock of yellow hair, and great ox-like eyes of blue; he was peering anxiously into the face of every woman who stepped from the trains. Sud-

denly his mighty arms were thrown about the neck of a pale-faced little woman, yellow-haired and blue-eyed like himself. He hugged her; he kissed her over and over again; he lifted her in his arms, and carried her through the crowd, crying, "Christine! My Christine, come at last to me!" "Olaf," she sobbed, "Olaf! It has been hard, but I have come to thee!" "Here! Here!" shouted the rough-voiced depot-master. "Move on here! Don't block the passageway!" He wiped his eyes with a torn, soiled, red handkerchief; he had a kind heart, had that rough depot-master. Olaf and Christine moved on out of sight, in the surging crowd. Somewhere in the great, boundless West they are settled to-day, and home and happiness are theirs in this magnificent land of opportunity.

Out of such material as this has our country been fashioned. Without heroes such as these we could not be. Sitting at my desk to-day, looking out of the window of my study, with a sweet picture before me of my wee lassie of the home, but four years old, a little time agone, dancing on the lawn, carrolling baby sonnets and pulling at my roses, I hope just such an one may long since have come to the cottage of Olaf and Christine. Just such an one as Olaf many a time has voiced his courage, his toil, his hope and his love in these words of a little dialect poem by Lorena Page:

"Vell, I have ban Vest yust dree yare now,
  En ma crops ban kooming fine;
You see dese fields, dat little house?
  Vell dey been all been mine.
Ay not yust now can tell you more,
  But must hurry quick away—
To meet fadder, mudder an' Yohanna;
  De're kooming here to-day!"

During my year with the Transfer Company I read a great many books; books of history, travel, essays, many of the best things in American prose and all the poetry I could obtain at that time.

For me it was a post-graduate course of instruction. I did the best I could to educate myself. Born with intellectual faculties, I had irresistible intellectual instincts. Circumstances did not always favor the development of those instincts; I had much to contend with; the very atmosphere of my occupation, as well as of the city itself was not favorable to the student habit. And yet, the attainment of intellectual culture is always not only a discipline, as Philip Gilbert Hamerton puts it, but a contest, a warfare. We may sit in a library of a thousand books, and every advantage may be ours, and this very advantage being so near at hand, may be a disadvantage. We do not always appreciate and profit by seeming advantages. Things near at hand are not always valued at their true worth. Men, if they are of good metal, love to fight that they may win. There is an incentive in knowing that we must compel the circumstances and conditions of our lives to yield some tribute of intellectual benefit and force. The school of the intellectual man is the place where he happens to be, and his teachers are the people about him, the skies above him, the stones and fields beneath him, as well as the books he can command. This was my school. This has always been my school. The music of the beating of a human heart is more to me than the music of an orchestra. The page of a human face written over with chapters of the soul's battlings is more to me than the page of a printed book. And yet I read

many books. The more I read and reflected, the more I became convinced that my mind would never be satisfied to remain in an atmosphere of omnibuses, horses, corn, oats, drivers, collectors, foremen, hostlers, transfer tickets, baggage, coupons, harness and hay; I must have freer and more congenial play for my intellectual tastes. I grew weary of my bookkeeping and ticket-selling, and longed to be on the road again with my entertainment. I was not happy in the full sense, because I did not believe that my work in the Transfer Company brought out what I believed to be the best in me. I surprised the president of the company one day in August, 1871, by tendering my resignation as book-keeper and cashier.

I had saved something over three hundred dollars, and began at once to make preparation for renewing my "tour of the world" as an entertainer and lecturer. I expended something over a hundred dollars for posters, circulars and a "wood-cut" portrait of myself, with which to advertise my performance. It was little better than a performance. I had not up to that time been possessed of the conviction that to succeed in the highest and best sense I must stand before men with a message; that I must be able to say something which would help and inspire the weak and the faint-hearted who falter and sometimes fall by the way. My sole purpose in those days was to entertain. I sought to give the people wit rather than wisdom. Jean Paul Richter has since told me that "Wit should fill up the chinks of life, and wisdom the great spaces." Throughout the months of August, September, October and November I journeyed through the States of Iowa, Illi-

nois and Indiana entertaining audiences with more or less success financially. During two weeks in Northern Indiana, in the month of December, the weather was most severe; the mercury stood at zero, or lower much of the time, and night after night my audience rooms exhibited but a "beggarly array of empty benches." My slender purse grew thinner and thinner, and by the time I reached La Porte, Ind., was completely flat.

On my arrival, I found Hunter's Hall, the principal public room of the place, at that time, occupied by a man who was exhibiting the Cardiff Giant, at ten cents admission. His patronage was small, and he was thoroughly discouraged. His "Giant" was a gigantic humbug. It was a figure of a man, about nine feet in length, with a somewhat distorted face, massive trunk and limbs, and seemed to be of stone, of a dull gray color. The figure was prostrate, and leaned to the right, with one arm folded across the breast. Some months afterward I learned that it had been manufactured of gypsum somewhere in the neighborhood of Syracuse, N. Y.; had been buried on a farm in Onondaga County, and one opportune day had been *"discovered"* by some laborers while excavating for some purpose or other. For a time it toured the country and created an interest amounting in many places to excitement, and great crowds gathered to see the wonderful petrified man. It was a popular delusion. It made a fortune for its first exhibitor, and held place with the tulip craze of Holland, when sensible and educated people lost their heads, and expended vast sums of money for bulbs of that now rather commonplace flower. When the man at Hunter's Hall came into possession

of it, its day had passed. The fraud had found the light, and the "I told you sos" refused to patronize "the show." All these facts came to my notice at a later time. To me the "Giant" was a wonderful thing. Having no knowledge at that time of the fraud behind it, I accepted it as a fact. There had been giants in other days. According to Dr. Plater, the skeleton of a giant nineteen feet in height had been discovered at Lucerne in 1577. Orion, according to Pliny, was eighty feet in height. The monster Polypheme had been discovered at Trapani in Sicily, and the skeleton was said to be fully three hundred feet in height. The "Cardiff Giant" was a very small affair compared with these older marvels, and yet it was entitled to respectful consideration, at least eminent scientists so decided, and the "showmen" who paraded it through the country were not slow to utilize to their financial advantage the prestige provided by distinguished men.

The discouraged exhibitor of the man of gypsum at Laporte, on ascertaining that I was an "entertainer," proposed that we finish out the week by pooling issues. To this I gave a most ready assent, and during the levees of his Cardiff Majesty I furnished the visitors with recital, song and story. At the close of the week, after all bills had been settled, I was the proud possessor of seven dollars. From Laporte I went to Niles, Mich., a place forty miles distant by rail. The Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell were to appear at the hall on the evening of the day of my arrival. I attended the entertainment, and to this day, after nearly thirty years, the one bright memory of that night is the inimitable rendering on the part of Mr. Russell of the

humorous character song of "Dorcas Pennyroyal." It was a delightful bit of art, and I knew that the artist would some day become famous—and has he not? Who has not smiled and wept with him at his portrayals of "The Poor Relation," "A Bachelor's Romance," "Edgewood Folks," and other creations of his versatile genius? He was winning his way then, and so was I, and in my heart of hearts I enshrined him as a kindred spirit. From Niles I went to White Pigeon; there I found a local dramatic company had secured the hall for a performance of "The Chimney Corner"; they were in trouble; the gentleman who was to portray the character of old Peter Probity was ill, and would be unable to appear. I volunteered to take his place, compensation for my services to be three dollars. The offer was accepted. Peter was a favorite character of mine, and I enjoyed the performance greatly. My next objective point was Three Rivers; a fierce December storm began to rage, and I could do nothing but remain indoors at the hotel of the place for three days, which misfortune consumed what money I had.

In a somewhat desperate frame of mind I wended my way to the Lake Shore R. R. depot, determined in some way to get to Kalamazoo, which I had ascertained was an active, prosperous town of some ten thousand people. A freight train came along, and I jumped aboard and took a seat in the passenger caboose. When the conductor called for my ticket I could only tell him my situation; he was a kind-hearted man, and said he would carry me as far as Schoolcraft, a distance of twelve miles, and there I would have to get off, as the rules of the company forbade him to provide transpor-

tation to passengers free of charge. True enough. I thanked him, and at Schoolcraft bade him goodbye. It was thirteen miles to Kalamazoo, and I started to walk the distance. I was not very warmly clad, and my shoes were thin; the snow was deep and the weather cold. I suffered very much, and arrived at Kalamazoo with a severe cold. I was unfit to attempt an entertainment, and decided not to remain in the town, but to go on to Chicago, and there seek for a situation of some kind. When the passenger train drew into the station I went on board, and as I had neither ticket nor money, I turned my satchel containing my clothing, two or three books, and some toilet articles over to the conductor, obtained a check for it, gave him my name, and agreed to redeem the baggage at Chicago by paying the cost of my transportation, as soon as I could earn the necessary money. It was fully a year before that baggage was redeemed. I sat in a corner of the car, near the stove, hungry and dejected; a cough began to trouble me, and I was, all in all, a poor, miserable fellow.

On my arrival at Chicago, while passing through the waiting room of the depot, my eye fell upon a light brown paper bag, lying upon one of the seats. I picked it up and found it fairly well filled with sandwiches, gingerbread and cheese. Some opulent, over-fed tourist had evidently discarded it; perhaps some fairy with a clairvoyant eye had seen me coming, and had informed him of the fact. I occupied one of the benches in the waiting room, and leisurely discussed the merits of my breakfast. Hunger and I had no argument over the matter; we both agreed that it was a most excellent

repast. Strengthened and cheered, (how much of courage and hope depends upon the state of the stomach!) I started out bravely to seek a situation.

An entire stranger in the city of Chicago, I could not hope for personal assistance from any source, at least of a gratuitous or benevolent character. No, I must help myself. The old well-tried and true adage, "Heaven helps those who help themselves," had always been one of my favorite maxims, and I determined to put the truth of it to the test. The help of onesself is the key-note to the song of triumph which successful men and women have always joined in singing. I would be self-reliant, since on that rock of granite stand the palaces of prosperity. There should be no self-doubting, no timidity, for of such is the shifting treacherous sand of failure. As I trudged along all sorts of crows began to fly above my head; one black fellow croaked, "The world owes you a living, and you ought to have it." I repelled this crow with a cudgel of indignation. The world owes no man a living! It owes no man any-thing; the world does not owe; it pays like an honest buyer for value received. The world gives every man a fair, square chance to earn his bread and butter. Who-ever holds a note of hand or heart or brain against the world will have it honored at its face value, no more, no less. Another crow, blacker than the other, began to chatter, "Cheer up; wait patiently, and your luck will turn." I gave this crow a crack, and sent him flying with a scream of pain. Luck is a fraud and a liar. It achieves nothing; it violates every promise. It is never an honest victor in the battle of life. It is a rascally coward and a sham. The laziness of luck is as vicious

as its sentimentality is silly. The honors of this world are never won by the Wilkins Micawbers, who wait for things to turn up. Luck is a superstition, and clowns, mountebanks, idlers and thieves slouch at its heels. No; I will wait for nothing; I will act, and that this moment. I went into a store and asked for employment. The proprietor looked at my old faded hat, my seedy coat, my broken shoes, and said, "I am not in the habit of engaging tramps." I tried another store; in the midst of my questions I began to cough; my cold was troublesome. "Young man," said the merchant, "you are sick; you're place is not in a store; you need to go to a hospital."

All day long I persisted in my search for employment. I was unsuccessful. About eleven o'clock at night, weary, hungry, and shivering with cold, I began to think of a place to sleep. I determined not to ask for charity at any public institution. I walked on and on, and just as the bells were ringing the midnight hour, I turned into a hall-way, which opened into a great building, somewhere on State street; I climbed the stairs, and made my way to the farther end of a corridor, and there I dropped upon the floor, and soon fell asleep. My sleep was fitful and dreamful. All sorts of experiences, fancies and pictures flitted through the chambers of my memory. I was the King in "Hamlet"; anon, I was the "Ghost"; the witches in Macbeth danced about me; I was in the tall grass of a prairie, and wolves howled dismally, and again fairies sang a piping sweet soprano; I sold tickets, cashed checks, sang songs, addressed multitudes, ate at banquet tables, and just as the gray of the morning began to creep stealthily into

my corner I was the Cardiff Giant, and was carrying the world on my back. I awoke with a splitting headache, and staggered down the stairs, and out into the street. I went into a drug store and told a sleepy night clerk something of my story, and asked him if he would kindly give me a powder of Hydrarg sub-muriate, 3 grains; ipecac, 5 grains, and soda bi-carbonate, 5 grains; he opened wide the gates of his generous soul and gave me the medicine. I swallowed it, and went away happy, because I knew it would prevent a fever, which seemed imminent. That druggest is dead. He is in heaven. Such as he always go to heaven. How do I know? It is written, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He is in heaven.

I renewed my search for employment. My demands were spiritless; my enthusiasm had dwindled to a needle point; I was unsuccessful. I was beginning to be discouraged. The chains of despair were beginning to wind about my legs, my arms, my heart, my brain. I was a prisoner of hope. Mary Johnston has written a story with that title. I am told it is one of rare strength and fidelity to truth. A lover by the name of Landless rescues his sweetheart, one Patricia Verney, who had been stolen by some Indians, and carries her through a wilderness of the Blue Ridge mountains safely back to peace and happiness. It is all very idyllic. I have no doubt of it. I believe I could write a stronger story. To carry a maiden, sweet and warm, in one's arms, especially when one loves the maiden, is rather pleasant business. It is not very hard work. Plenty of us would like to try it. It is harder

to carry the burden of one's self through the wilderness of hunger and cold and sickness. A story of love is one thing; a story of struggle for bread and life itself is another thing. I was not very strong physically. My slumber in the "hall bed-room" had not renewed my strength as that of eagles. Poets and philosophers have slept in garrets, and have enjoyed them. Sleep "that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care" has been with them a blessed guest even there. Hayden grew up in a garrett, and so did Chatterton. Addison and Goldsmith wrote in them. Faraday and DeQuincey knew them well and Johnson dreamed sweetly in them; and Hans Christian Anderson, the fairy king, the dreamer and fashioner of sweet fancies, the friend of the children, and Collins and Franklin, and Burns and Hogarth and Chantrey all knew them, and learned to love every cobweb and broken pane, and damp wall and rat-hole in them. That is all true; but they never tried a "hall bed-room" in Chicago, just about Christmas time, with neither blanket or pillow. I began to be hungry again. I thought of Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon; he went out and ate grass with the oxen, but it was winter, and there was no grass, and besides I was not in Babylon; I was in Chicago.

The hungrier I became the more frightened I grew. The Fear Fortress of ancient Saragossa loomed before the eyes of my imagination. That was a hypothetical fortress, a symbol of the terrible obstacles which fear conjures up, and the writer of the story tells us that the obstacles vanished into thin air when approached with a stout heart and a clear conscience. I have no doubt of it; but mine was not a case of heart or conscience; it

was a case of stomach. Shakespeare should have said, "Not conscience, but stomach makes cowards of us all."

Night came on apace. Until the last respectable door was locked I continued my search for a situation, but without avail. I took Fear by the throat, and with a show of courage, asked at three or four houses for a night's lodging; it was refused. Twelve o'clock came, and the streets were deserted, save by a hurrying figure here and there. A cutting sleet began to sweep through the air. Just as I turned a corner, a hand was laid heavily upon my shoulder. Turning quickly, I was face to face with a big blue-coated fellow—one of the city's paid sentinels upon the watch-towers of the midnight—a sentinel decked with brass buttons and a nickel star. "What are you doing here?" asked the sentinel. "Nothing," I answered. "Where are you going?" "Nowhere." "Where do you live?" "Nowhere." "You ain't doin' nothin', and you ain't goin' nowhere, and you don't live nowhere; what are you givin' me? You're drunk; come on." "One moment, sir," I said, "I am not drunk; I am very, very sober." "You're sober?" "Yes; very sober; too sober; I am a stranger in the city without money, and I would like shelter for the night." "Oh, that's it; hard up, and dead broke, eh?" Releasing his clutch upon my shoulder, the sentinel said, "Go down this street till you come to a bridge; cross the bridge, and when you come to the fifth street, turn to the right; then go four streets, turn to the left, and keep on two streets more; on the corner, you'll see a brown building, with a red lamp over the door; go in there, and hand in this ticket, and you'll be taken care of till morning." The sentinel upon the

watch-tower turned and left me. I found the place, and the red lamp over the door. Upon the glass panes of the lamp were the words, "Lodgings for men." My knock was answered by a kindly-faced, white-haired old Irishman, who bluntly but not unpleasantly said, "Come in." He led the way into a bare little room dimly lighted by a single candle. Nailed to the wall was a rough board shelf, upon which lay a large open ledger. "Register your name," said the man. I registered. "Are ye hungry?" Was I hungry? "Yes," I replied. He went out, and presently returned with a tin plate, and a tin cup. The plate was piled with bread and corned beef; the cup was filled with water. The reader of these lines may never have been hungry. If not, I will vouchsafe the information that no conception can be formed of my enjoyment of that supper, or rather breakfast, for it was after one o'clock in the morning. The meal ended, the old man inquired if I would like to go to bed. To bed? To bed! The mention of the word filled my mind with thoughts of heaven. The face of the old man shone as it were the face of an angel. Perhaps he was an angel; for aught I knew, he was Michael, the Irish arc-angel. He may have been Bran on earth again; that pilot to the Isle of Delight. Listen! sure and he's singing, as he sang three thousand years ago:

"Bran beholds a shining sea,
From his curach fair and free;
I, in chariot, driving there,
See a flow'ring meadow fair;
The sea is clear,
So thinks Bran when sailing here,—

I, in car, with purer powers,
Know the happy plain of flowers,
Bran beholds
Flowing billows, fold on fold,—
O'er the plain I have in sight,
Waving blossoms, red and white."

"Yes," I said, "yes, I would like to go to bed." He conducted me into a spacious room. I saw no blossoms, red and white. I saw cobwebbed rafters, from which depended a smoky lantern, whose half smothered flame filled the place with a dirty twilight. Along one side of this room there was a raised board floor that inclined upwards three or four inches toward the wall, that one's head might lie a little higher than one's heels. Upon this floor, in a row, lay a lot of filthy, steaming, reeking wretches, some sixty or more, ragged, haggard, bloated, ghastly. Some were in a heavy drunken sleep. Some were groaning with agony of body, and some with agony of soul. Some were cursing luck and life and God. Here, a man with the white of death upon him, there another with tear-wet cheeks, and yonder still another gasping for breath. How could he breathe at all? The stench of the Augean stables must have been sweeter than the odor of that room. In all the Stygian blackness of that inferno there was but one ray of light In a corner, fast in the vice-like grip of a glaring tiger of a man, lay a dimpled boy, with a sweet face—a face set like a picture in a frame of golden clustering curls. There was a smile upon his rose-bud mouth, pencilled by the hand of some beautiful memory, the memory perchance of a time when at happy, childish play he had romped in green fields and tangled his feet in the mesh

of the clover. Sin and sorrow and festering pollution were the Hecates of that hell-brewed caldron. "You may lie down there and sleep," said the old man. "Sleep! sleep there!" I said with a sob that choked me. "I cannot sleep there, I thank you, sir, but if you will permit me I will sit up with you till morning." "It's against the rules," he replied, "but ye don't look much like the rest o' thim; mebbe ye couldn't stand it; ye may sit up if ye like, but don't say anything about it on the outside." I went back with him to the entrance apartment of the place, and we talked the night away. "What brings ye here?" he questioned during our conversation. "Circumstances," I replied, "poverty and failure." "What brings these men here," I asked, "hard times?" "Oh, no; nothing like that; idleness and drunkenness brings the most o' them here; if it wasn't for drunkenness there wouldn't be a half dozen o' thim here." I had been neither an idler, nor a drunkard, and yet I passed the night there. Sometimes this thing we call life is a veritable riddle of the Sphynx; there is no solving it. The brief hours until the morning passed all too quickly. I was happy with old Bran. His heart was as kindly as the Erin he came from was green. He told me tales of his own poor youth before he came to America. He made me forget myself more than once with his wit and his wisdom. He entertained me with one or two fairy fancies, and with a bit of a lilt about "a feather in a tom-cat's tail," the burden of an Irish lullaby his mother used to sing. I might have been a king in a castle and he my harper-minstrel. Before bidding him "Good-bye" in the morning he gave me a breakfast; this time, with the bread and corned

beef, I shared his can of coffee. He would have it so. "God bless you," were his parting words, "some day I hope to see you again, but not here." "Amen," I responded, as I shook his hand again and again. I left him, and forever. I have never seen him since. Perhaps it is because I have never revisited his hospitable "Lodgings for men."

III. IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME.

The morning after my night with my Irish friend was a most beautiful one. The storm had abated; the cold had moderated; the sky was clear, and the sunshine flung its mantle of gold upon everything about me. Though cold, beyond the point of comfort to one lightly clad, the air was sweet and invigorating, and, despite my worn and weak condition, I felt something of the inspiration and joy of the day. I wended my way toward the handsome residence portion of the city, and walked for two or three hours along splendid avenues filled with the homes of the rich and prosperous. I was beginning to feel something of envy, when my thoughts were given a sudden and happier turn by the sight of a fashionably dressed young man, with a flushed face, and unsteady step, who stumbled upon the pavement, and fell full length in the snow. I helped him to rise; he looked at me, leered, and finally said: "Shay, what's number of this (hic) house?" signifying the one before which we were standing. I gave him the number. He laughed boisterously, and said: "Tha's all right; tha's where I live." He staggered up the

wide stairs leading to the front door, and after considerable fumbling, managed to effect an entrance into the dwelling which was of imposing architecture. Strange, but that episode made me feel better. There are worse things than poverty, and that young man evidently had more money than was good for him. My envy vanished. I would not have changed places with that heir of the mansion on the avenue, born doubtless with a golden spoon in his mouth. He had slipped into this world at the big end of the horn, and he was in a fair, or rather foul way, to sneak out at the little end. There would be no help for him, unless he should grow wise, and, before it was too late, back out as he came in—with nothing. After all, who can say it is not a good thing to be poor, and a blessed thing to suffer? The chances for the best in character at least, are with such. The world has not in its lists of honor the names of many truly good, great, and beautiful, who have not been burned in the fires of bitterness, and tested in the crucibles of suffering. There is no truer thought than the Bible thought, "Whom God loveth, He chasteneth," and again, "A bruised reed He will not break." How we need the sweet and earnest faith of the old colored woman, who said: "Honey, my sufferin's ain't nuffin. Don't you know we is jest in de hands of de Lord. Sometimes He whips us, and sometimes He leaves us, jest to see ef we won't trust Him an' try again. Bless yer heart, honey, jess as soon as we cries like a little tired baby, He takes us up an' comforts us!" How finely tempered are the souls which have been tried as by fire. Not up

"On the heights, where those shine,
But down in the pits where these shiver,
Is the essence of life most divine."

From time to time, during my "tour of the world," it had been my habit and my pleasure to correspond with a boyhood friend, a class-mate of my school days. From the earlier years of childhood, when in a modest suburban school-house, we sang together,

"Five times five are twenty-five,
And five times six are thirty;
Five times seven are thirty-five,
And five times eight are forty,"

and when, with mingled generosity and mischief, we provided red apples for the teacher, spruce gum for the girls, and bent pins for the boys, until the day of our graduation, we had been boon companions. He had launched the boat of his life into the stream of business, and at the age of twenty-three was being prospered as the financial side of this world goes. He was the son of a cultivated, prominent and wealthy man, and connected with the leading families of St. Louis, thirty years ago. Disappointment and misfortune have overtaken him, and he is now a prematurely old and broken man. There are some things we may not write in books. The aftermath is not always what the gleaners would wish for. His name—to me, he has always been Will. Impulsive and kind-hearted, with a heart bigger than thy head, would I were able in these later years, to place in thy hand a laurel, and on thy head a crown. Dear old friend of my boyhood days!

Some opportune fairy of fate, whispered his name to

me, as I walked the streets that December morning. Was it fate? Nay, it was Providence. With the thought of him in my heart of hearts, I almost ran to the postoffice. On reaching it, I inquired at the general delivery window for a letter. One was handed me; it was from Will. It expressed generous regret at my ill success with my entertainment, and urged me to rest awhile, and come and spend the remainder of the winter with him, at his father's home. "Be sure and get here," were the closing lines, "in time for Christmas." Dear old Will. In time for Christmas! It was already the twenty-third of December. How I longed to accept the invitation! I must accept it. I saw no other open door of escape from the burdens that were weighing me down. But how could I get to St. Louis? Three hundred miles lay between me and the home of my friend; between a veritable Calvary and the cheer of Christmas. I was penniless. Oh, for the touch of Midas for just one second! I rubbed a tear from my cheek with my hand, and felt something hard and cold. I looked at my hand, and wanted to shout "Hallelujah!" The something hard and cold was a gold ring, set with what were called in the West in early days, Eldorado diamonds. The ring was an odd thing, and had been given me by a returned miner from Idaho, while I had served as bookkeeeper for the Omaha Transfer Company. It was the only bit of jewelry remaining to me; other trinkets had been swallowed up in the settlement of debts growing out of the obligations of my entertainment. Sentiment had impelled me not to part with the miner's gift. Sentiment is a lovely thing; as lovely to think on as the rainbow is to

look on, but neither the one nor the other can provide warmth when we are cold, or feed us when we are hungry. Both are very beautiful, but when weighed in the balance with friendship, both kick the beam. The voice of my friend was calling me, and putting my heel upon the rainbow of sentiment, I walked into a pawnshop, and transferred the ring from my finger to the show-window of "mine uncle," for eight dollars. An evening train over the Illinois Central R. R. had a passenger for St. Louis, in the smoking-car, with a second-class ticket in his pocket. I was the passenger.

I did not sleep much during that night ride, but the way did not seem long; my thoughts were busy with reflections of past experiences; I had worked hard, and yet the end which I sought seemed as far away as when the actress had turned me to the right about two years before. I shed no tears, however, because I believed that some time the realization of all my hopes would be mine. I was happy in the thought that in a few hours, I should see my friend. My friend! How much of the best of earthly achievement and joy is due to friendship. Even the mighty Alexander found his highest good through the almost sacred friendship of Hephestion. But for him, the treasures of Hellenic civilization would never have become the common possession of the world. The friendship of Alcuin, an English Christian scholar, influenced Charlemagne to give to learning and religion a place in the government of mankind, as against the blind force of military despotism. But for the unselfish friendship of Abou Baker, religious thought would have had no Mohammed, and but for that of Hadrian, there could have

been no Theodore of Tarsus, and the administrative system of the English Church would never have been organized. But for the friendship of Erasmus, the greatest teacher of his time, the Protestant Reformation would have been without a Martin Luther. The friendship of Margaret Fell for George Fox enabled him to found and perpetuate the Society of Friends, that sweet brotherhood of toleration and simplicity. May we not say that Methodism might not have been but for the friendship which made John and Charles Wesley more than brothers, and drew about them as kindred spirits such names as Morgan and Kirkham, Ingham and Hervey and Whitefield? Wherever civil liberty has obtained, triumphed and endured, there some mighty friendship has been the impelling force, from the time of the Athenian Harmodius to that of the central characters in the establishment of our country—Hamilton and Washington. Does humanity owe a debt of gratitude to the disseminators of philosophic thought? If so, it must be equally grateful to the friendships which made that dissemination possible; the friendships of Socrates and Plato, of Philip of Macedon and Aristotle, of the Earl of Essex and Bacon, of Charlotte of Prussia and Leibnitz, who after Aristotle has no equal (save perhaps in the single instance of Humboldt) in his grasp of universal knowledge. Without the outgoing and uplifting force of friendship, the sweetest strings of the poet's lute would still remain unswept, nor could the human heart beat time responsive to the best of the music of life and love.

Give a man one friend who understands him, who will not leave nor forsake him, who will be accessible

by day and by night to him, just one, and all the universe is changed from darkness into light. Will, to me, seemed such a friend, and I was going to him. So the way did not seem long. Early on the morning of December 24th, 1872, I arrived at the then dingy and dirty Union Station of St. Louis. I peered inquiringly into the faces of the crowd which gathered about the incoming train, and soon saw the face of my friend, with eyes of kindly blue, and framed in curling hair of gold. He was a handsome youth in those old days. He did not see my faded hat, my seedy coat and frayed pantaloons; he saw only me, and putting his arm about my neck, he seized my hand and said "Jim!" After a few words of loving greeting, he said ever so gently, "I need a bath and a shave; usually, I do my bathing at home, but I can save a little time by attending to it down town; I know a good place; suppose we both go and try it." Dear old Will! In such unobtrusive fashion, he administered to me, a dose of that "cleanliness which is next to godliness." We breakfasted together, and he insisted upon paying the score. From his manner, I was left to believe that he thought me abundantly able to settle, but that he would consider it a favor if I would but permit him to do it. Dear old Will! I went with him to the offices of a great Insurance Company, for which he acted as Secretary. I was welcomed by all present, and was given the journals of the day to read. Early in the afternoon, we went to a delightful house in the suburbs of the city—the home of my friend. The impress of the spirit of the Christmas time was upon everything. Wreaths of holly hung in the windows, and sprays of

mistle-toe decked the curtains and pictures. The gray father of the house, and its every inmate badė me kindly welcome, and "Peace and Good-will," the hope and benediction of the Master were over all. I shall never forget the joy of Christmas morning. Gifts were bestowed with royal bounty upon all; mine was a suit of clothing, the offering of a dear old maiden lady, an aunt of my friend who made her home with the family. I remained in that hospitable house until April of the year of 1873. I grew well and strong under the comfort and cheer of its unfailing offices of generosity. I had much leisure for reading and study, and passed many delightful days in the library, which was well filled with excellent books. I wrought out upon the canvas of my poetic fancy some pictures of past experiences, and was fortunate enough to have them accepted for publication by the "Republican," the leading local newspaper. I may be pardoned if I here give two or three bits of my rhyme, which saw the light at that early day. Once, out in western Nebraska, I had seen a wagon-train of Argonauts on their way to the farther West, in search of homes. This memory served as the basis of the following lines, which I called

THE MOVERS.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

"Whoa-haw, Buck! Gee there, you rascal,
  Get up Turk, you lazy cuss;
Soh there Boss, just quit your raisin'
  Such a tarnal fuss!
Road is wide and easy sartain,
  Can't you keep the track?
If I welt you once old Brindle,
  Bet I'll set you back!"

Patient plodders, faithful toilers,
  Coming all the way
From the State of Indiana;
  Left a month to-day.
Honest panting big-eyed cattle,
  Strong and true as steel;
Almost seeming interested
  In the woe and weal
Of the stalwart sun-burned masters,
  Striding at their side;
Serving them with meek submission,
  Though at times they chide.
Tramping, plodding, toiling onward,
  Many a hill to climb,
Stepping to the "lead-bell's" music,
  Keeping perfect time.
Moving like a cloud of whiteness,
  Shifting o'er the plain,
Ever stretching farther westward,
  Slowly winds the train.

Men and women, lads and lassies,
  Some too young to roam
O'er the prairies, seeking homesteads,
  Far away from home.
Dogs and cattle, mules and wagons,
  All in perfect trim.
Abbott's boys from Posey county,
  Abe and Steve and Jim;
Old man Knox, who got discouraged
  When his "gal" turned wild,
And his wife died broken-hearted,
  For the wayward child.
Old Bill Thornton, who had sworn
  Indiana was a beat,
" 'Cause the darned old rust was always
  Killin' off his wheat."

Yonder in the big white wagon,
  Just behind that cow,
Sits the prettiest girl from "Posey,"
  Saucy Bessie Howe;
Her "dad's" rich—owns land and timber,
  She'd a got it all
If she'd stayed her eighteen summers—
  Only just till fall;
But you see Joe Clark came westward,
  So did she. Why? Oh—
Well, you see, she couldn't help it,
  Seein's she loved Joe.

White-haired good old Granny Hammond,
  Eighty-three years old,
When she couldn't raise her mortgage,
  And her farm was sold,
Started—but she went up yonder,
  One week since to-day,
To a homestead where she'll have no
  Mortgages to pay.

There's the Widow Sarah Allen,
  With her idiot boy,
Pale and thin and vacant-looking,
  Playing with a toy;
Some one told her that a journey
  Would bring back his mind—
So she sold her place and brought him,
  Leaving all behind.

Old and young, the strong and feeble,
  Bound both heart and hand
By the ties of common purpose—
  Pilgrims through the land.

* * * * * * *

Now the round moon casts her radiance
  O'er the grassy plain;

Tipping all the wheels with silver,
  Far adown the train;
In the West, the sun departing
  Through the Golden Way,
Flings a robe of shining crimson
  Round the dying day.
In the lifted dome of azure,
  Shine the star-eyes bright:
Sun and moon and stars together
  Glorify the night.

Chains are loosed from weary cattle;
  Hushed the "leader's" bell;
Wagons all are drawn together
  In a square corral;
Soon the fires are brightly blazing,
  And the yellow flare
Falls upon the flitting figures
  Busy everywhere.
Abbott's boys are bringing water
  From a bubbling spring;
Little idiot Johnny Allen
  Tries his best to sing;
Old man Knox's eyes are misty,
  For he's thinking now
Of his dear though wayward daughter,
  Prettier far than Bessie Howe.

Old Bill Thornton's mad as thunder,
  'Cause the "darned old cows"
Will stray off upon the prairie,
  On the grass to browse.
Joe Clark's got his arm round Bessie;
  "Now you stop!" cries she;
"Can't you quit your stupid foolin'?
  I must help get tea."

Supper over, young Jim Abbott
  Gets his fiddle out—
Calls the boys and girls together
  For a dancing bout;
"Partners all! Come get your places!
  'Neath the shining moon;
Hands across, and down the middle,
  Raise it, old Zip Coon!"

Merry lightsome laughing dancers,
  Full of pranks and jest;
Joyous brave heroic pilgrims,
  Journeying to the West.

Many an idle belle, I fancy,
  Dying with ennui,
In the glare of crowded ball-rooms
  Could she join their glee,
Would be glad to leave her jewels,
  And her robes of gauze,
Leave the empty, simpering flattery
  And the stale applause
Of the vacant staring idiots
Haunting Fashion's scene,
Just for one good old cotillion
  On the prairie green.
Ah! well, bliss and fashion somehow,
  Often dwell apart;
Silks and laces sometimes cover
  Many an aching heart;
And as now, we may discover
  More of joy and rest,
In the hearts of simple pilgrims
  Toiling to the West.

"Half-past nine; good-night" cried Abbott,
  Can't play any more;

Got to start off in the morning,
Just at half-past four."
So it ended—soon all's silent,
  And the moon's bright beams
Light the happy halls of slumber
  In the House of Dreams.

Faithful toilers, patient plodders,
  Coming all the way
From the State of Indiana;
  Left a month to-day.
Old man Knox at last is sleeping,
  Cried himself to rest,
Wishing that his "gal" was with him,
  In the splendid West;
Old Bill Thornton fell off swearing
  At a "darned old cow;"
"Joe, dear Joe," in loving accents
  Murmurs Bessie Howe;
Hopeful Widow Allen—clasping
  Johnny to her breast
Smiles—for soon her boy'll be better,
  In the glorious West.

* * * * * * *

"Sleep on, Buck, rest there, you rascal!
  Lie still Turk, you dear old cuss!
Soh! old Boss, your'e never raisin'
  Any kind o' fuss;
Road is long and heavy sartain,
  Hard to keep the track;
Poor old Brindle, do you sometimes
  Wish that you was back?"

During my stay with the Passenger Transfer Company of Omaha, it was my fortune to be sent to Fort Scott, Kansas, on a business errand. After performing my mission, I hired, one beautiful morning toward

the end of the month of May, a gentle old gray horse, one who, so said the livery man, would carry me safely anywhere and find the way to town again in the evening, should I be so unfortunate as to lose it. On the back of that old horse, I wandered in free gypsey fashion for hours upon the prairie west of the city. The fields were covered with flowers; daisies, lilies and even verbenas and geraniums grew everywhere in a riotous but beautiful tangle; the fields were a veritable sea of bloom. Now and then I slipped from the back of the old horse, and prone upon the ground, buried myself in the waves of the flowers. All day long I played at gypseying. For an elysian hour, I laid upon my back, and gazing into the sky, traced a thousand shapes fantastic in the feathery ferns of the flying clouds. Again, I trampled the myriad sword-blades of the grass, spared not bud or blossom, and snatching handfuls of the flowers, tossed the broken petals to the vagrant wind. I caught at the amber ribbons of the sunshine, and tried to twine them in my hair. Like a child, I prattled and crooned and laughed and shouted. For one long, glad, golden day, I was a little child. I have never forgotten that day; I shall never forget it, and until the meadows of Paradise shine upon my vision, I shall not know its like again. The memory of that time was the inspiration for the following lines:

THE SONG OF THE PRAIRIES.

O! what an ocean of verdure,
  Dashing its waves in glee,
Hither and thither as summer-wind
  Sweepeth the prairie-sea;

Millions of nodding verbenas
  Kissed by the breeze at play,
Over the green of each billow
  Dance in a purple spray.

List to the lilt of the music
  Sung by each rippling wave—
Come, for the prairies want culture,
  Come out ye laboring brave!
Here in the depths of this ocean,
  Down in this prairie-deep
Waiting the hand that shall wake them,
  Harvests unnumbered sleep.
Come from the rocks of New Hampshire,
  Come from the winters of Maine,
Come, and the summers shall bring you
  Autumns of golden grain.
Here there is many a reaper,
  Come from the crowded East,
Standing with sickle expectant
  Waiting the harvest-feast.

Linger no more where the cob-webs
  Thick with the dust of years,
Darken your vision, till never
  Light in the future appears;
Come to this land, where the sunshine
  Born of its God, is free,
And the spirit of life like a glory
  Shines on the emerald sea;
Come from the dark of oblivion,
  Come to this land of light
Where the day with its fingers of beauty
  Shall scatter the shadows of night.

Beggars and slaves of the East-land,
  Bond to the rule of the few,
Here are a thousand empires
  Pleading and waiting for you;

Waiting each one for a sovereign
  Royal and earnest and right,
Come and be kings of the furrow,
  Ruling in liberty's might!

Must we then ever be singing
  Idly, unanswered, this song?
We shall grow weary with waiting,
  Watching and waiting so long;
Take up our welcome, ye breezes,
  Fly with it over the sea,
Here are fair homes for the asking,
  Tell them to come and be free—
Go to the sons of the lily,
  Go to the men of the rose,
Go where the green of the shamrock
  And the white of the thistle-down blows;
If there be widows and orphans
  Weeping in hovel or cot,
Cheer with this song of the prairies
  Offer a happier lot
Far from the scenes of their sorrows,
  Far from their birth-born tears—
Offer our wealth and our gladness,
  Rest in our sunnier years;
Go, let the welcome be echoed
  Wide oe'r the German Rhine,
Fly to the snow-fields of Russia,

Sing to the slaves of the mine,
  Sing to the serfs of the Czar,
Give them a kiss and a welcome,
  Point them to liberty's star;
Everywhere, sing to the Nations,
  These are the fields of the blest,
Here is the Garden of Eden—
  Here in the opulent West!

* * * * * * *

Lo! as I listened, a tramping
 Made by a million feet
Seemed to be blending its thunder
 Into that song so sweet;
And as I looked to the East-ward,
 Over the mountain-side,
Down through the valleys advancing,
 Poured a living tide;
Mighty and broad it came sweeping
 Like to an avalanche free,
Loosed from some cloud-reaching mountain,
 Down to the prairie-sea;
Mingling its waves with the billows
 Fringed with the purple spray—
Spray of the nodding verbenas,
 Kissed by the wind at play!

* * * * * * *

Song of the singing prairies!
 Shout of the voiceful West!
Whisper and murmur of blossom!
 Anthem of peace and rest!
Magical charm of thy music
 Bringing the wrangling world
Brothers in love, together
 Under our flag unfurled!

I wrote a number of stories, some of which were published at that time, notably two which I recall, "After the Night," and "The Charity Dutchman." Something of merit must have been in them, as they were published and copied by many of the journals of the southwest. I might have made something of my life in these lines, had it not been for my poverty, and my desire to eat self-earned bread. With the coming of Spring, I decided to begin again my fight toward the lecture-platform; however varied and

zig-zag the way might seem, however far from the end in view I might stray, the determination to win in some fashion never left me. During my stay at the home of my friend, I purchased with what I had earned from my literary work, a few books on Phrenology and Physiognomy. With the aid of these works, I composed a series of six lectures under the general caption of "The human face divine, as an index of character." I think it was Solomon of old, who said "A man is known by his look, and by his countenance when thou meetest him." The titles of these lectures were, "How to Read Character," "The Temperaments," "The Human Chin," "The Mouth and Nose," "The Eyes and Forehead," "Love, Courtship and Marriage," and "A Perfect Life, the Secret of Beauty." I could not at once begin the delivery of these lectures, because I had no means of securing the illustrations in the way of charts, diagrams, portraits and plates necessary for illustration. This would require an expenditure of considerable money, and my cash assets were about four dollars at the time I decided to bid farewell to my friend and his hospitality, and begin again my bread-winning. I hit upon a plan for procuring the needed money for the illustration of my lectures. I said nothing to anyone about it, and one bright morning in early April, I bade "Good-bye" to the inmates of the delightful home, where for a little over three months I had been housed and fed and loved in "friendship's name."

IV.—STARTING ANEW.

Sound in body, and hopeful in mind, with a satchel containing my clothing, a half dozen books, and the manuscript of my lectures on Physiognomy, and with four dollars and sixty-five cents in my pocket, I took the train for Springfield, Ill.; the cost of the ticket was three dollars. I reached that city before noon, walked from the R. R. station to a hotel, registered, ordered a room, and asked to be "Shown up," first however eating a liberal dinner in the hotel dining-room. After unpacking and bestowing my effects in accessible corners of the closet and bureau in my room, I went to a drug store near the hotel, and purchased five pounds of French white chalk, one ounce each of orris root and myrrh powdered, and a half ounce of essence of wintergreen. This purchase took seventy-five cents of my remaining money. At a little notion store, I invested fifteen cents in tin-foil. With these purchases and a balance of seventy-five cents in my pocket, I returned to my room at the hotel, I rang for a call-boy, and requested him to kindly bring me a pitcher of hot water. It was brought, and I placed the powdered chalk, orris root, myrrh and wintergreen in the wash-bowl in my room, poured the hot water upon them slowly, the while I kneaded all together into a paste of the consistency of baker's dough. This I flattened out with the back of a book on a table; I then cut it into pieces about an inch square, with a thickness of perhaps a half inch; these squares I placed in the sun on the ledges of the windows of my room to harden. About five o'clock

they were ready to be wrapped in the tinfoil purchased at the notion store. I wrapped six dozen squares. This work being finished to my satisfaction, I went to one of the largest livery stables of the city and engaged the handsomest open carriage the establishment afforded, with a team of white horses (they were beautiful animals), and a black driver to be in livery. I directed the proprietor of the stable to send this turnout to my hotel at half-past seven in the evening. I contracted to pay four dollars for the service for one occasion, with the understanding that it would be furnished at the rate of three dollars per night, for two hours at a time, should I agree to use it for three or more consecutive evenings. This bargain having been closed, I succeeded in borrowing a torch from a political club-room; this I filled with oil and a wick. A little after half-past seven, I (together with the six dozen squares in tin foil), was driven slowly to a corner of the court house square. I lighted the torch, deposited the little packages of chalk, etc., upon the rear seat of the carriage, and in loud tones announced myself as the *Egyptian Tooth-powder man!* A crowd of several hundred "anxious inquirers after truth" soon gathered about the carriage. I began a brief dissertation upon the beauty and value of the human teeth; called attention to the fact that the mouth was at once the most expressive as well as fascinating feature of the countenance; showed how this expressiveness and winsomeness depended mainly upon beautiful, clean and perfect teeth; but one creature in all the universe had been given the power to smile, to laugh; that creature was man; without perfect teeth,

laughter was hideous; a smile was revolting, and the mouth as expressionless as an oyster; the teeth were the pearls in the oyster; a sweet disposition depended mainly upon sound digestion; good digestion was impossible without thorough mastication, and that could not be had without good teeth; dyspeptics were a miserable people; they were the clouds in the sky of life; the discord in the harmony of the music of humanity; the great Carlyle was a dyspeptic, and he had bad teeth; had he been possessed of better teeth, he would have had a better stomach, and therefore a sweeter soul; he would have been less an iconoclast and more a builder; less the philosopher of pessimism and more the philosopher of hope, of faith, of healthful cheer; his domestic life would have been happier, and his wife would have experienced more of Heaven and less of the other place in his society! "If you who listen to me, desire beauty," I continued, "attractiveness, good health, happy natures, faith in mankind and hope for this life and the next one, you must buy my tooth-powder; it is in its way the 'philosopher's stone,' and it will cost you but twenty-five cents a package!" The people began to buy the tooth-powder; I sold it rapidly. "Now, gentlemen," I said, "I am not going to spend the time in praising the virtues of my little article; you are men of sense and need no urging to invest in a good thing; I intend to entertain you for an hour, and in the mean time you may hand up your quarters, and listen; that is all you have to do." I gave the multitude crowded about me, bits of impersonation; recitals in prose and poetry; original characterizations; sang songs and played solos on the

harmonica. Some conception of the nature of that street entertainment may be had from the following portions which were rendered on that and successive evenings.

"Some years ago, in a village of New Jersey, a little specimen of fragile humanity, less than five feet in height, and weighing about ninety pounds, carried on the business of a coffinmaker. His face was as yellow as a piece of mouldy satin; his nose was long and thin; his hair was white—a dirty white; he had a squint in the right eye; he dressed commonly in faded black alpaca; he was the mouldiest individual I ever heard of; his place of business was a tumble-down rookery in a back street; over the door was a sign, which read, 'Coffins made for the world. Every man guaranteed a fit or he need not take it. Give me a trial. Silas Wegg.' He had a morgue or dead room in the rear of his shop, and from time to time he laid out the bodies of the departed there, and placed them in coffins, ready for burial. A little son, of some ten years of age, thin and mouldy like himself, helped him with the work, and meanwhile old Silas kept up a running fire of comment, direction and reflection. The voice of the undertaker was harsh and raspy; very like a cross between the croak of a frog and the caw of a crow. 'Neddy, my boy, this is a fine subject. He died o' laziness. He was too lazy to live. He had plenty o' money; too lazy to spend it. Too lazy to draw his money out o' the bank, or his breath out of his lungs. Stingy, Neddy; folks wanted him to have a silver door-plate on his coffin-lid; not he; too stingy; just write my name with a bit o' chalk, he says; they'll know its me at the

Judgment. Stingy, Neaay, stingy, but sharp, sharp as scissors. They wanted him to give somethin' toward puttin' a fence round the grave-yard; not he; he wouldn't give a cent; why, says he, the grave-yard don't need a fence; them as is outside, don't want to get in, and them as is inside, can't get out! His folks wanted him to be buried in his best suit o' Sunday clothes; but he wouldn't have it; preferred an old night-gown; said it would be more comfortable, and he could lay easier; well, there's a good deal o' sense in that, Neddy; the grave ain't no place for style, Neddy; and then he said it was wicked to be wasteful; the clothes would rot in the grave, and if they'd only be patient, his boy Billy would be big enough to wear 'em some day. The town'll miss him; so'll the saloons; Neddy, he was the only regular customer at Bob Slack's, and they do say that Bob's got rich out o' corpse's drinkin'. He'll have to shut up shop now. Be careful of his head, Neddy; don't twist him. Here comes the hearse; up with him; careful; now then, skeet him in; we've got to hurry; funeral's at ten, and buryins like the hands o' the clock, wait for no man.' "

"What's that? Five packages for a dollar? Very well, sir." (This to a customer.) At this point, I usually sang a ballad of which the following is a verse:

When the day of life is closing,
  And the shadows gather near;
When a song of rest is chanted,
  And the eyes are filled with tears;
When the lips of love do falter,
  And for words, there comes a sigh—
Heart, be strong; they're only shadows;
  There'll be sunshine by-and-by.

"How many of you gentlemen who are going from this time forward to use my tooth-powder, drink whiskey? None of you, I hope. If you begin it, you had better send for Silas Wegg, and order a coffin. There is hope in this world for every man, except a drinking man. Young man, you may be handsome in face as the ancient Apollo, but if you drink whiskey, you will grow hideous; you will be a caricature of the God-fashioned image you are tonight; it is a sad thing to despoil this fair face of ours with dissipation; to mar it, and stain it with drink. Think what man is, the handiwork of the Divine One, 'a little lower than the angels,' and yet how drink will blight him, and blast him, and thrust him down to the depths of hell! I do not believe there is a young man here tonight who would tread out the life of the veriest worm that crawls; he would not ruthlessly pluck from the earth the flowers that bloom in smiling gardens; he would not mar the beauteous blendings of the painter's pencil, and yet there are those who smile and scoff at the desolation of souls by the hand of the devil of intemperance! My boy, don't do that! (Two packages? Fifty cents. Thank you sir.) The man who drinks intoxicating liquors is a fool! Genius itself will not prevent him from being a fool. Byron had genius; he was a poet of the sweetest fancy; that did not save him; gin destroyed him; gin is mightier than genius. A man can't write poetry and drink whiskey. His fancies will become fuddles. I once read of a poet who tried to intensify the flames of his genius with the fire of drink; his trial was a failure; the winged Pegasus he rode became a stumbling donkey,

and he a reeling ass. He tried five verses, with a drink for each verse; his rhyming went on in this fashion:

'Slow and sad the seared leaves drop
  From off the forest trees;
The stately corn with tasselled top,
  Nods to the scented breeze. (Drinks.)

The song-bird warbles in the shade,
  The blue-jay shrilly cries,
And the cattle show their tails were made
  To keep off hungry flies. (Drinks.)

A milk-maid with sweet face and figure,
  Goes tripping oe'r the green,
Where an ancient white man and a nig—colored man,
  Are running a thrashing machine. (Drinks.)

The chickens, the turkeys, the ducks and the geese,
  They all run round in the pond by the mill,
Which is run by an old buffer named Pease—
  And—and I am reliably informed he's running it
    there still. (Drinks.)

The inebriated son of old Pease—fell—in
  To the pond, and was never seen any more;
But his ghost is often observed with a bottle of gin,
  And some sandwiches—bumming round on the
    shore.'

(No, sir; the powder is not quite all gone; three packages? Thank you. Seventy-five cents; that's right.)"

At this juncture it was my custom to play upon a small mouth harmonica, a selection of sweet, well-known melodies, such as "Nellie Was a Lady," "The Mocking Bird," "The Last Rose of Summer" and

"Annie Laurie." This portion of my program was invariably encored two or three times.

After reciting a beautiful fragment from the writings of George D. Prentice, in which occur the lines, "It cannot be that our lives are but bubbles cast up on the ocean of Eternity, to float awhile upon its waves, and then sink into nothingness; why is it that the rain-bow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, leaving us to muse unsatisfied, upon their vanished loveliness? There is a land where the sun-beam never fades; where the stars shall be spread out before us like the islands on the ocean, and where the bright beings we love, shall not pass by us, but stay in our presence forever," a gray old man pushed his way to the edge of the carriage in which I stood, and in tremulous tones said, "Young man, I knew George D. Prentice; he had a great heart; he was a great genius, but he was weak; that passage you have just recited is the sweetest one in the English language; it brought back the memory of my friend. I have no teeth, but you may give me six packages of your tooth-powder!"

My program was varied night by night (I remained in Springfield one week), and such sketches as "The Irishman's Panorama," "A Child's Vision of the Cross," "The Story of Hiff, the Painter," and many others made up the details of the entertainment. I invariably closed with this running fire of good counsel: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Be self-reliant, honest, industrious and original. Be a sparrow, if nothing more, chirping

your own one little note, rather than a parrot with a dozen borrowed voices. Write on the tablet of your memory that 'Luck in the fight of life is a fool and a coward, and pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice from other people; do some thinking for yourself. Think well of yourself, and others will think well of you. Strike out, not as they do in base-ball; strike out with nerves set, and face to the music. Don't be envious or jealous. Shoot above the mark you want to hit. Don't chew tobacco. Don't swear. Don't read many novels. Don't read any with yellow covers, that you can buy for ten cents. Don't take any girl, no matter how willing she may be, away from her father's home until you have a way to support her. Three thousand years before Christ, an old Egyptian said, 'If you want your wife to love you and remain with you, you must feed her belly and clothe her back.' Be generous. Be polite. Read the papers. Read the Bible. Advertise. Earn money, and do good with it. Love truth. Love virtue. Love your country. Love your fellow-men. Love God. Be kind to your sisters. Be kind to your mothers. Throughout life, be wise, and you will be, if you continue to use my Egyptian tooth-powder. I will be here again at half-past seven tomorrow night. Bring your sisters, your wives, your mothers and your sweethearts. Good night."

I was driven to the hotel, and at once retired to my room. My six dozen packages of Egyptian tooth-powder had all been sold. *I had eighteen dollars in my pocket.*

Elated over the success of the evening, I went to

bed about ten o'clock, and for nearly two hours lay awake thinking many thoughts. For some time my heart was filled with music; it echoed with a song of hope; all sorts of happy dreams stole through the chambers of my brain. What I had accomplished was not a very great thing, and yet it was something; had I discovered a mine of gold, or gathered the harvest of a thousand acres, or led a conquering host to victory, I could not have been much happier. I had found a door of escape from poverty and perhaps hardship, and had opened it. After all, the stream which divides failure and success, despair and rejoicing, is not very wide, and a resolute leap will carry us over, if we are only willing to make the trial. It may have been altogether a poor and foolish thing, and yet I was comforted with the remembrance of the deeds of many a great soul, whose beginnings had had been as petty and contemptible as mine of that night. Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the loom and the founder of the cotton manufacture of the world, was only a penny barber in a London cellar; so, too, was Jeremy Taylor, the wonderful poet-divine; Michael Faraday, the greatest of the scientists of England, worked with a paste-pot and brush in a book-binder's shop when a young man; Robert Burns was a common farm-laborer, and gathered inspiration from the daisies while he pulverized the dirt; Bunyan, the prophet and guide of every pilgrim to the Celestial country, in his youth went about mending tin-pots and kettles, and George Whitefield in cap and apron served the patrons of an humble restaurant with penny rolls and coffee. Wonderful Whitefield! How he came up

out of the drudgery and dirt of that wretched inn, out of the agony of its servility and insult, until he became an evangelist, such as the world had never known since Peter the fisherman sat under the flaming tongues of the first Pentecost. What an orator he was! His words were pictures illumined. Men listening, saw the scenes he painted. They heard the ripple ot the waters of glad Galilee. They heard the moaning of the wind among the olive trees on the mountain-top, and their faces blanched to the whiteness of death as they saw the ghostly lips of the moon touch the pale brow of the stricken One, bowed beneath the awful suffering of Gethsemane. Wonderful Whitefield! These souls came up out of beginnings quite as lowly as my work of the street; the lesson and the glory of it all lay in the fact that they did not remain barber, and laborer, and paste-boy and tinker and waiter. I shall not remain a peddler of tooth-powder; I shall go out and up as they did. Colossal egotism! Ay, verily. But for the egotism of youth, which believes all things possible unto itself, and will not down, though cannons roar, and seas rage and caverns like to the heart of Inferno yawn with wide-open and threatening jaws, the world would be filled with mice and not men.

So thinking, I was hopeful, determined and not ashamed. The value of my street experiences in the development of self-reliance, in the cultivation of tact, ready wit, self-control, and in the formation of the granite of will and purpose, I did not at that time appreciate. And yet it was true. I was being hammered into shape on the anvil of an experience which I needed. I was an over-sensitive youth; too much a

woman; I needed hardening somewhat; needed more sand and iron in the fibre of my soul. One thing at least, I was strong in my determination to follow a straight path morally; to live a clean and temperate life. From the cradle, I had been taught to abhor intoxicating liquors, and later in life to keep before me the stupendous fact that to be anything worth the being I must shun lewd company as I would shun hell. I followed that line of purity; I have always walked in that way. Beyond question, the fact that in spite of a not very strong physical organization, I have always been able to endure much labor, much exposure, much of the grind and friction of the world, far beyond that of many men in every way bigger and stronger, is wholly due to that unbroken habit of temperance and chastity. Those who drop out of the race of life because of too much hard work, are in the ratio of one to five hundred, when compared with the army of those who destroy their own lives on the altars of drunkenness and licentiousness. Whiskey and lewd women are the murderers of mankind. The young man who follows in the shadow of a scarlet woman, or who pours the liquor of hell down his throat simply gives his body to disease and his soul to the devil. I have always practiced that gospel, and I preached it to my street audiences. I hate the liquor traffic, and I do not love the men who carry it on. I have more respect for a man who robs a bank than for him who sells intoxicating liquors. I have much sympathy, and indeed respect, for him who steals bread for himself or his children, if they be hungry; I have neither for the man or the woman, old or young, who gets drunk. I loathe

the company of a drunken man. I always run away from such an one. The taint of filth and disease is in the smell of his garments. A drunkard once stumbled and fell into a gutter, where a hog lay asleep; the foul fellow managed to lift his head to the stomach of the hog, thinking to make a pillow of it while he slept away the effects of his debauch; the rough action of the man (?) awoke the sleeping hog, who, on observing the character and condition of his would-be bed-follow, immediately got up and ran away. I am proud of that hog. He was a gentleman.

I fell asleep about midnight and enjoyed a sweet and dreamless slumber until seven o'clock the following morning. After breakfasting, I procured another lot of chalk, orris root, etc., and prepared another batch of Egyptian tooth-powder. I cut the squares or cakes into double the size of the first lot, making them two inches long, one inch wide and a half inch thick; this size and shape I retained until my street selling closed. I had a yellow label, with a picture of a pyramid, a sphynx and a river with lotus flowers upon its surface, printed, in which my cakes of powder were wrapped. Soon after beginning my brief career of tooth-powder salesman, I procured a skull-cap of black velvet, which I covered with teeth; this served as a badge of my trade and at the same time attracted the attention of the curious. I remained in Springfield one week, and nightly until the end of my stay the crowds grew larger and my sales increased. On Saturday evening nearly two thousand people stood about the carriage, and my receipts reached the sum of forty-three dollars. The local newspapers two or three times contained notices

of "the versatile and gifted tooth-powder man who is entertaining our citizens at the corner of the public square." After settling my bills at the livery stable, hotel, drug-store and printing-office, I had remaining as the profit of the week in Springfield, one hundred and eighty-two dollars. Had my object been simply that of money-getting, I verily believe I could have earned ten thousand dollars a year, but then as now at the age of fifty-three, I cared not for money for its own sake. To me, money is of no value, except for what it will bring. I have no desire to hoard it up. If given my choice between a beautiful picture and a ten-dollar bill, I always choose the picture. As between a hundred dollars, and a hundred books, I prefer the books. I would walk farther to see an exhibition of flowers than a display of bank-notes. I like money, but I do more than like pictures and books and flowers —I love them; I have a little vegetable garden in the rear of my house, and a hundred feet of roses on the North side of it; the one is useful, the other beautiful; I think most of the roses. A certain man had a beautiful garden; in the same piece of land he had a patch of potatoes; an acquaintance called to see him; together they walked about the place; the visitor made no remark until he came to the potato-patch. "Fine! fine! bring a dollar a bushel." The owner of the place was a lover of the beautiful, and he felt outraged at the failure of his visitor to say anything about the splendid blossoms all about him. He remained grimly silent a moment or two, and then said, "Whenever a gentleman calls to see me he admires my flowers, but everytime a hog gets in he invariably roots among the

potatoes." As between the flowers and the potatoes, I am like the owner of that garden. Somewhat impractical? If my reader is happy in so thinking, "Amen" to his happiness, say I. Of such fashion am I, and for the fashioning, grateful to the Fashioner. I had other purposes in mind, and the purpose of money-getting filled but a small place in the economy of them. I continued my street-selling until the middle of September, and during the time from April until that autumn month, I visited Canton, Bloomington, Monmouth, Ottawa and Princeton, selling upon the street from three days to one week in each place. The remainder of the time I occupied in reading what good books I could buy, and in the final completion and memorizing of my physiognomical lectures. I abandoned my brief but altogether happy career as the "Egyptian tooth-powder man" at Princeton, Ill., where I sold my preparation for two consecutive days at the County fair, realizing from four appearances of two hours each (according to a record in an old book which is still in my possession), one hundred and eighty-two dollars!

From Princeton I went to the city of Chicago, and engaged a room and board in a hotel from which some months before I had been ejected by the porter because when worn and weary from loss of food and sleep I had been wicked enough to fall asleep in a chair in the office, without having registered as a guest, or tipped the aforesaid porter with a crooked sixpence. I remained in that hotel until the first of November. During that time I gathered together and arranged a gallery of illustrations for my lectures upon "The

Human Face Divine." Eighty of them were in India ink, and were purchased at the establishment of Fowler and Wells, of New York, who made a specialty of preparing and selling illustrative charts and diagrams for lecturers upon Physiognomy, Phrenology and the laws of health and character. I also procured forty portraits in oil, effective and sufficient for my purpose, but cheap. These illustrations, with a half dozen physiological and anatomical diagrams, made up an attractive and useful cabinet. Early in November I began my lecturing at Kokomo, Ind. My plan was to give the introductory lecture free, issuing complimentary tickets, and thus keeping out a mere curious rabble. I then sold course tickets for five evenings at one dollar. This plan was always successful. It gave me the hearing desired, and what I had to say was of sufficient interest to cause many of the "first-nighters" to return for the course.

Physiognomy has always been to me a fascinating theme. It has a broad basis of truth, both scientifically and morally. We all believe in it more or less. My mother was an intuitive reader of character from the look of the face. She often said to my father, "I am sure you cannot trust that man." She was never mistaken in her conclusions, and had my father relied upon her judgment he would have been better off in many ways. It is the fashion of most people to rely upon an "honest face," and as a rule that reliance may be trusted. Now and then, we see faces that in the common acceptation of the term are called beautiful, but if the honest look is wanting we turn away in disgust, repelled by the negative impulse in us. Allan

Pinkerton, the chief of the greatest detective agency this country ever had, relied mainly upon his knowledge of physiognomy for the detection of criminals. He could read at a glance the complex workings of the human mind, and in an instant decipher the almost infinite variety of the emotional permutations of the facial muscles; this revealed to him the sought-for secrets, and afforded a key to the incentive as well as to the result of action. His world-famous exploit of conducting Abraham Lincoln through the sanguinary rebel gauntlet at Baltimore is a matter of historical record, and this could not have been successfully achieved without his ability in the art of physiognomy. Physiognomy in its broadest sense is the science of Human Nature. It comprises a knowledge of the whole man; anatomically, physiologically, temperamentally, phrenologically and hygienically. It covers the ground of his original and acquired nature, and treats of him therefore, not only from a physical standpoint, but socially, mentally, morally and spiritually. A man carries his life in his face. It is not difficult to determine whether the path of it be by the sweet meadows and still waters of purity and peace, or through the slime-pits of sensuality and storm. In the extremes of this fact, we are all adepts at character reading. Chins, lips and eyes have stories to tell, and we know that if they be heavy and coarse, thick and bloodless, dull and leering, that a story is being wrought out which should make its fashioner ashamed. Some tread beautiful paths leading to green fields eternal, starred with the lilies of Christ, and some go down the steeps to the ocean of sin and death,

where skeleton fingers are ever busy writing the epitaphs of blasted and broken lives. The human face is the index of these paths.

"An artist wished to paint a face,
The symbol of innocence and joy;
His model was a laughing child—
A sweet and dimpled boy.

Long years passed on; the artist now,
A gray old man, one picture more
Desired to paint and call it guilt,
A contrast to the child of yore.

He went into a dungeon dark,
Its cold walls damp with slime;
He painted a wretched man chained there,
Condemned to death for crime.

Beside the latter, he placed the first,
And when he came to know the prisoner's name,
The hardened man and laughing boy
Were, sad to say, the same."

The lines of integrity are written plainly upon the human countenance, and if they are wanting, the physiognomist can discern the absence of them. The face may have the straight nose, curved lips and every line of beauty according to the laws of ancient Greek art, nevertheless, the character-reader shall not be deceived. A traveller, who was none other than the great physiognomist Lavater, once visited a famous picture gallery in Paris; his attention became riveted upon the portrait of a woman; the guide noticing his interest, said, "What do you think of that face? Is

she not a most beautiful woman?" "Beautiful enough as the world goes," replied Lavater, "but if the picture be a true likeness, she must have had a diabolical mind; she must have been a brutal wretch." "You are right," replied the guide, "that is the portrait of Brinvilliers, the notorious French poisoner!" She was burned at the stake for her atrocious crimes. We all know that faces are as different as lives. That fact is evident everywhere. Experiences and circumstances put their varying imprints upon every face. Amid the busy scenes of mercantile life, the acquisitiveness, caution, shrewdness and keen judgment of the business man have given a look that is far different from the cast of countenance we see in a drawing-room, where youth and beauty hold high carnival, and lip and cheek and eye are aglow with pleasure and excitement. Stand for an hour in the street of a great city and watch the passersby; here is a group, fashionably dressed, chatting scandal; here a student, his countenance "sicklied oe'r with the pale cast of thought;" here a toiler with a tin-pail, bronzed and firm of face; there goes a bloated crowd, shouting and leering; here comes a woman wan and white with the proof of sorrow and suffering in her despondent mouth and frightened eyes; so they come and go; the street is a gallery of living physiognomical illustrations.

It is not my purpose to make of this sketch of my path to the Lecture-Platform a treatise on Character Reading; I started out to answer the questions, "How did you get there? What is the secret of your success?" and I must keep to that effort. I followed the career of a lecturer upon Character Reading for seven years,

during which time I travelled in five different States, addressed more than fourteen hundred audiences, made out hundreds of character estimates, in which I endeavored to give wise and kindly counsel and to inspire the young especially with a desire to make the most of life and its opportunities, especially in moral lines. I have received many letters of gratitude from men and women in all parts of the country for the help given them, and a generous number have been kind enough to say that but for my courage in pointing out their follies, weaknesses and vices, their lives would have been a ship-wreck. To me, this is the highest reward I could have. It is not a little to say that in the pursuance of that work I discovered and directed the development of the genius of the inventor of fire-proof paint for buildings. The most successful dentist of Sioux Falls, Iowa, was a boy whose talent I turned in that channel; a prominent lawyer of Western Ohio was another; I saved one mother's boy from insanity by my advice in the line of a vicious habit; I think I am not over-stating matters, when I say that I discovered and encouraged the peculiar poetic gifts of the now famous James Whitcomb Riley. I was lecturing at Marion, Indiana; one morning three young men came into the hall, where my illustrations were displayed, and where it was my custom to give "charts of character;" two of the young men had on overalls, and were more or less be-daubed with yellow paint; they were all ordinary looking fellows to the common eye; one, who seemed about seventeen years old, was positively homely; his hair was unkempt, and of the color of reddish tow; his skin was

sun-burned and freckled; his mouth was large and weak; his faults were all written there; his chin was not very strong in anatomical contour; he had a refined nose, of the Greco-Roman order; his eyes were inclined toward grayish-blue in color, were large, round, and very expressive; his face as a whole was full of mirth and feeling; his temperament was intense, and exceedingly sensitive; I knew he was subject to extremes of mood; at times, would be wonderfully buoyant and happy, and again despondent; he was short and slight in stature and build; he was very awkward at first, and in a sort of diffident, half-mischievous way, said: "I would like to get a chart of my head." Those who were with him giggled and grinned at each other. "Have a chair," I said. "Take off your hat." The tow-headed, freckled boy had a splendid forehead just above the temples; the organs of ideality and imitation were unusually large; above and toward the central top of his frontal head, the organs of human nature and benevolence were largely defined; time and tune were also large; I saw at once that he was a poet and a mimic; he did not have more than ordinary causality, though his comparison was of the highest order; I knew he could not be a reasoner to any marked degree, and certainly not in metaphysical or mentally philosophical channels; he lacked somewhat in moral balance; he had a large organ of bibativeness, and would have to fight, and fight hard, against a desire to drink intoxicating liquors; he was not sensual; he did not have a very strong spiritual nature and would not be burdened over-much with over-weening orthodoxy in religious matters; he was intensely human, and his love

of nature, love of his own, especially his mother, were all large; he was an attractive study. I told him he would make a poet, an actor and an impersonator. I urged him to cultivate those gifts; I lectured him along the line of habit and appetite, and counseled constant self-control; he was greatly pleased with my diagnosis, and thanked me with considerable warmth, saying that most folks called him a "good-for-nothing and a fool." He was a sort of Robert Burns; if I remember rightly, I quoted for him these lines of the plowman-poet of Scotland, as a last word of warning:

"Reader, attend; whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights above the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit,
Know prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root."

He is famous to-day. Many lips have smiled, and many eyes have moistened; many hearts have kept time to the measure of his mirth, and to the lilt of his love-laden music; he has made the most of his genius and his life. It is something to have been in a way, the guide and prophet of James Whitcomb Riley.

From time to time, I added new lectures to my list, so that during the last three years of my labor in this field, I had two complete courses of six each. The subjects of the second course were "Lights and Shadows of Human Character," "Child Life," "Peculiar People," "Failure and Success," "The Beautiful," and "Man, Science and the Soul." My cabinet of illustrations increased in size and quality, and contained more than three hundred subjects. The list comprised poets,

statesmen, warriors, authors, historians, philosophers, pugilists, novelists, thieves, murderers, artists, inventors, mechanics, laborers, confidence men and women, discoverers, adventurers, wits, hermits, merchants, good and bad husbands and wives, children, ethnological types, animal resemblances, and many quaint, strange and exceptional characters of all countries and periods of time. In order to use this immense collection intelligently and effectively, I was compelled to store my mind with an almost endless amount of historic and biographic knowledge; the connection between the various characters exhibited and the laws of physiognomy had to be sought out and presented simply and tersely; visitors to the cabinet asked hundreds of questions, all of which must be answered; my audiences were given much information concerning the talented, the wise and good, as well as of the stupid, the foolish and the vile; all this information of course had to be accurate; some conception of my methods may be had from the following citation taken from my lecture on "Peculiar People," describing the famous poets Whitman and Poe: "This is the portrait of Walt Whitman, perhaps the most original and eccentric poet of America. Like old Izaak Walton, he has spent much of his life in fishing. Mr. Whitman is not fond of society; fashion he despises; sham, he denounces, and the worship of mammon he calls the curse of the ages. He has an odd massive face and head, plenty of brain room, a shock of tangled hair, a somewhat sad though earnest expression, kindly gray eyes, and a mouth sensitive but somewhat coarse, with the strong chin of determination. He dresses plainly,

almost shabbily, and wishes only to be comfortable. His poetic fancy runs in unusual grooves. The mind of the ordinary regulation poet runs in the way of the breeze, the flowers, the sky, the birds of the summer, the laughter of streams, and the music of the ocean; Whitman sings of the passions, of mighty deeds, of the sinning and the wayward, of stones and dusty streets, of geese and pig-pens, of cow-sheds and factories, and much of the coarse and commonplace of life. He idealizes all these; lifts all these into the realms of the sublime. He finds volumes where most people find nothing; that which to the ordinary observer is vulgar, to him is refined and sacred. His heart is an open door to all humanity, and he excludes no man, no woman from the sympathy of his soul. The veriest harlot is an honored guest in the innermost sanctum of his tenderness and love.

"Not until the sun excludes thee,
Will I exclude thee," he sings.

Emerson calls him the most original man in American literature, and the truest philosopher since Plato. Physiognomy endorses the verdict of Emerson. His chief work is called 'Leaves of Grass.'"

"This is the portrait of Edgar Allan Poe. Upon the roll of American authors his name is distinctly unique. He is a sublime mad-man, and like Eugene Aram walks apart. Physiognomy alone can afford the nearest conception of him. As a man is, so he looks. His countenance is highly ideal, and exceedingly strong in the upper portion; it is correspondingly weak in the lower portion; his is an unbalanced physiognomy. His organization throughout is precocious. The

brain is more than the slight body can bear, and he suffered what healthy, well-balanced people cannot understand. He is of the most delicate texture, and the harp of his senses is swept by a hundred moods and passions. He is a human barometer, and the mercury of his soul goes up and down with the weather of his surroundings. The touch of the slightest finger of circumstance moves and often disturbs him. He is a responsive instrument, and like an instrument, not his own master. The forehead is high and wide in the upper reflective region. The ideal faculties are tremendous; they are in excess of everything else, and consequently he enjoyed only those things which were exquisitely beautiful. For this reason, contact with the practical work-a-day world made him wretched. The reaction from over-ideality always renders a man morbid, irritable, cynical and frequently intemperate. It is the price which undue genius must sometimes pay. His eyes are violet gray, exceedingly round, large and prominent; they blaze with expression, and yet are sad eyes. His nose is straight and refined, and approaches the Greek in outline; the Greek nose is of all noses the most beautiful, and is indicative of great love of the beautiful. His chin is small and weak, expressing a lack of will, and without will man is an anchorless, rudderless ship, at the mercy of every wind and wave. His mouth is as sensitive and as impulsive as a gentle, tender woman's, and as sweet. The key to the character of Edgar Allen Poe lies in this analysis of his physiogonomy. As a word painter of wierd pictures, he stands unrivaled. The bilious and nervous nature of his temperament render him a

slave to the sombre and melancholy things of life and thought. Beautiful things come to him in minor strains, in dreary undertones, and to him the dreary things are beautiful. Measured and rhythmic, the music of his poetry is all in a minor key. Sadness is his principal key-note, and regret is the burden of most of his singing. As a boy, he loved to creep into the dim corner of a cob-webbed garret, and by the half-light of a stolen candle, read and ponder over some grotesque legend, beautiful in the spirit of its fear, and fearful in its beauty. If the wind moaned a dirge about the creaking house, or the rats scampered across the floor, or squeaked in their holes, he was happy. His poem of 'The Raven' is like a shadow on the heart, but it is a beautiful shadow, solemnly beautiful —such a shadow as the moonlight makes in the branches of cypress trees. Up and down the halls of Poe's imagination stepped troops of seraphims, their ankles hung about with silver bells, but the music of the bells was muffled, and the echoes of the dancing feet upon the floor came in stifled tones. His poem of 'The City in the Sea' is a picture bathed in mystical light, but the light is lurid and hideous. The towers of the city sink and the tide rolls over them like a fire of blood.

> " 'And when amid no earthly moans,
> Down, down, that town shall settle hence,
> Hell, rising from a thousand thrones
> Shall do it reverence!

His poem of the 'Conqueror Worm' moans out the hopelessness of vigils among the tombs of the dead. The soul of the poet, standing in the midst of the

white ghosts of the marble monuments, cries out to the night for some word from the silent sleepers beneath his feet. If the human heart would have the comfort of the hope of immortality, it must seek at some other door, for with Poe,

> "'The play is the tragedy-Man,
> And its hero, the Conqueror Worm!'

Poe is to poetry what Dore is to pictures; a wierd, fantastic artist of the night—the prince of shadow painters. With all his peculiarities of impulse, Poe was not an immoral man, as some biographers claim. Physiognomy sets that charge at rest once and forever. Poets are often weak, but they are not systematically sensual. To the mind of Edgar Allan Poe, woman was a type of the celestially beautiful, and in her presence he was calmed and subdued. Had he been given, as the companion of his life, a wife, pure, loving, demonstrative, yet well-balanced and practical, whose nature would have been his anchor and his guide, he would not have gone to wreck in the madness of drunkenness. He was not immoral, and yet he taught no moralty, had no moral standard. The ideal governed him, and that is not enough, and the house of his soul though beautiful, fell with a crash, for it was built upon the sand. The words found at the beginning of his production called "Ligeia," tell all the story:

"Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his own feeble will."

With rare exceptions, my work called forth the highest commendations of the public and the press for

its value and its wide range of information, and almost invariably I was personally accepted as a sincere and unassuming teacher, as indeed I aimed to be. Two or three times, the editor of some newspaper made me the object of his abuse or his levity.

The uniform verdict concerning my work ran about as follows: "Dr. Hedley's lectures on Physiognomy are being attended by large audiences. All who hear him are delighted and freely acknowledge the beauty and force of his reasoning, the practical value of his philosophy, the elegance and charm of his style, and the pathos and power of his eloquence. No lecturer on a kindred subject has ever excited so deep an interest, or more thoroughly entertained and interested his hearers." This notice appeared in the "Messenger" of the old conservative and cultured town of Canandaigua, N. Y. The following month, I lectured in Warsaw, N. Y., and it pleased the editor of the "Democrat" to deliver himself of the following immortal words:

"An egotistical 'Prof.' has been boring people at the Court House during the past week with a re-hash of the sayings of Fowler and other men of note. The sickest thing was a windy set-out of love, courtship, etc., last Monday. His photograph may be found at the Post Office, labeled, 'This is Prof. the handsome boy. Look at him—ain't he pretty?' " As I had never read any of the works of O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist, and was a disciple simply of Lavater, the physiognomist, this far-seeing editor was evidently mistaken. As to the label on my picture in the Post Office, his statement was a lie; a lunatic would not so

speak of himself. The night after the notice appeared my audience was greatly increased in numbers; it may have been due to the fact that I believed myself to be a "pretty boy," and the people wished to see and judge for themselves.

Criticism, like the ways of the Heathen "Chinee," is often "strange and peculiar" and frequently past finding out. It may be safely conceded that the estimates and judgments of the critic are the outcome of his mental equipment—his capacity; if he lacks capacity, what can one expect? On the other hand, the man who denounces the critic as being devoid of capacity, may himself be wanting in that commodity; how then shall he judge of the criticism? A history of the criticisms pronounced upon the greatest productions of the world of literature would be a very strange and amusing history. Jealousy, envy, bigotry, ignorance and self-conceit warp the judgment of many a critic, and he is so frequently limited by the pressure of circumstances and influences about him, that it is often doubtful whether he dare express an honest conviction, even when he is capable of giving it. Rymer, for whom Dryden had profound admiration, denounced Shakspeare as "raving and rambling in tragedy, and devoid of the faintest spark of reason." Voltaire called the tragedies of Shakspeare farces. Wallack, the famous actor, once attempted to read the famous witch scene in Macbeth to a French friend, when he broke out with violent exclamations of disgust: "Dis is not nature! Dis is not common sense! No, no, nevare! De tree old veetch shall nevaire to go out to meet upon de blasted heath in tondare and

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lightning and rain, with no clothes on! No, nevaire. Day be not such fools! Day stay at home till de wezzer clear up!" Dr. Samuel Johnson said he "would hang a dog who would be fool enough to read Milton's 'Paradise Lost' twice." Of the luxuriant dreaminess and harp-like music of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," Gray could only say "Hifalutin rot!" and of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, he said, "They are all alike; conglomerations of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, monkery, witchery and deviltry!" The rarest thing in the world, the gem inestimable, would be a piece of criticism which all men could agree upon as thoroughly honest and truthful. I stand ready to exchange my library for such a criticism. The man of genius is no more qualified to decide upon the merit of any production than the plodding unthinking million, for the genius having certain qualities of mind developed beyond the rest is necessarily one-sided in his mental vision. I do not recall the name of a truly great man who was well proportioned; there is excess in all greatness, and the judgment of such cannot be equally and generally good or sound.

I am quite persuaded that, Physiognomy to the contrary notwithstanding, we can never know each other wholly on this earth; what another life may do for us in that land where we shall "know as we are known" is another matter, and of that we know nothing as tangible and absolute; we receive and proclaim wholly through faith. I do not recall the name of a man or woman who ever believed they were fully appreciated, and I am inclined to concede the justice of that claim; the trouble with most of us is that we labor

under the delusion that we fairly and honestly appreciate others. If we always persist in thinking more of ourselves than we do of others, we shall always have some cause for grievance. The best way in life is to go straight on, with what of honest purpose we can command, with no thought of critic, and without fear of those who seem to be our enemies. If an enemy, fancied or genuine, gets in the way of our feet, we should walk around him, calmly, bravely, and with the charity of Him who said, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." It is foolish to worry over what we think others may think; in reality, I am of the opinion that they think but little. When peradventure a good man dies, there can be found in all the earth but a little remnant of friends who can, or will say, *"I think I remember him."*

During the autumn of 1877 I delivered a course of six lectures at Springfield, O., under the auspices of the "Philosophian Society" of Wittenburg University. The course was a very great success in every way and netted the Society something over three hundred dollars. For my lecture on "Love, Courtship and Marriage," thirteen hundred reserved seats were sold before ten a. m.; my work called forth the unqualified commendation of the gifted and noble President of the University, Samuel Sprecher, D.D., L.L.D. Before leaving the city I was made an honorary member of the "Philosophian Society." During my stay in Springfield, John B. Gough, whose lectures had so impressed me in my youth, was to deliver an address upon "Temperance" on Sunday afternoon at Black's Opera House. He had spoken the night before in the same

place upon "Personal and Platform Experiences." I heard that lecture. It did not reach the heights as did the subjects I had heard in my boyhood. He was evidently failing. After that lecture he was ill at the home of Mr. Nichols, the editor of the "Republic." The hour for Mr. Gough's appearance drew nigh. I was on the point of starting for the Opera House to hear him, when a message was brought asking if I would address Mr. Gough's audience that afternoon. If I would, Mr. Gough would be very grateful. The thought of his great theme entitled "Circumstances" came to me. Here was an opportunity. I availed myself of it, and I am proud to be able to say that Mr. Gough's audience remained to hear me through. A week later the great lecturer had recovered and was at Urbana, Ohio. I called at his room in the hotel, and gave him my name. He was making his toilet for the evening. Putting out his hand, he shook mine warmly, and said, "This is the young man who talked on 'Temperance' for me last Sabbath at Springfield. They told me of the good you did that day. I hope you may be spared to repeat it many times. I must be at the hall soon, and will ask you to kindly excuse me." My heart was full, and my lips silent. I could not say anything. The joy of that moment will never be forgotten.

In connection with my Physiognomical work, I delivered many addresses upon "Temperance;" almost every Sunday night I faced a crowded audience in some church; for these lectures I made no charge; much good was accomplished; many pledges were signed by those who were moved and convinced by what I had to say, determined to live thereafter lives

of absolute sobriety; at the close of a temperance appeal at Avoca, N. Y., more than two hundred persons expressed a determination over their signatures never to drink intoxicating liquors.

At North East, Pa., it was my good fortune to meet and listen to a lecture entitled "Motive Power, or What Made Him Do It?" by that exquisite poet and master of beautiful prose, Benjamin F. Taylor. He possessed, in spite of a stockily-built physical organization, a highly nervous temperament. I never shall forget how he suffered all the afternoon, in anticipation of what to him was evidently a trial in the evening. He lay upon a couch in his room at the hotel, partly dressed, wet from continuous perspiration. He did not dare to put on clean linen for the lecture until the last moment before starting for the hall. Upon the platform, nothing was visible of the lecturer but his face; his body was completely hidden behind a draped box, which covered him to the chin; upon this box he had a lamp, and his manuscript, from which he read his address; he rarely lifted his eyes from the paper. He had a winsome expressive face, and a pleasant though not very musical voice; he was not an orator; I do not remember that he made a single gesture during the delivery of the lecture, which consumed nearly two hours. The central thought of the subject was that adverse circumstances had been with most good and true men and women an incentive to effort, and a factor of success in life. Poverty was one of the greatest of motive powers. I endorsed all he said; I knew it to be true in my case at least. Mr. Taylor's sentences were strings of pearls, and they

fell from his lips in showers. It was like the unrolling of a panorama; it was an ever varying canvas of verbal pictures. One forgot his painful and somewhat ridiculous appearance, with all it implied of box, drapery, lamp, manuscript and perspiration, in the charm of his rhetoric and the sympathetic tenor of his thought. During the lecture he recounted his own experience in an attic-room in New York, when penniless and hungry, there came to him an opportunity to compete with others in the writing of a New Year's address for a journal of the city; fifty dollars was to be the compensation to the successful author; poverty and the need of food and warm clothing, indeed the iron law of necessity, the scorpion whip of adverse circumstance was the motive power; he won the prize, and in the winning made himself famous with the following lines, which made up a part of the New Year's address:

THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
  As it flows through the realm of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
  As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!
  And the summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
  As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the river Time,
  Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
  And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago;
  And we buried our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust—but we love them so!
  There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
  And a part of an infant prayer;
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
  And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
  By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
  When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,
  All the day of our life till night;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
  May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

One afternoon, in the village of Angelica, N. Y., I was sitting in my room engaged in sewing a button on my coat, when there came a loud rap at the door. I opened the door, and a massive, impressive-looking man, a counterpart of Daniel Webster, entered, and sat down on the edge of the bed—the room afforded but one chair. He looked into my eyes searchingly for some little time; I remained silent under the scrutiny. Presently, in a blunt honest fashion, he said, "Young man, you're a fool! I have listened to you every night for a week and I have figured you out. You will never succeed to any colossal extent so long as you keep to

scientific subjects. You are a poet, an orator and an actor. I heard you last night at the Methodist Church on 'Temperance,' and you swayed the people as the wind sweeps the long grass of a meadow. You don't seem to know just how to turn to best advantage the gifts your Creator has blessed you with. Young man, hit upon some subject that will appeal to the hearts of your listeners rather than their heads. Your soul is bigger than your brain, my boy. Get the people in touch with your soul; I am a tough, hard-headed old lawyer, but there's something about you that has done me good. I believe I am sweeter and have more faith in men since having heard you. Let me quote the poet, 'Throw physic to the dogs'—toss your physiology, physiognomy and hygiene out of the window, and use your skill in healing the scarred hearts and binding up the wounds of the souls of men and women! Give the young the benefit of your courage and hope and faith, and you will find your place. Don't be a fool any longer. My name is Grover; good bye." He was Hon. Martin Grover, one of the eminent jurists of New York. He went away as abruptly as he came. I looked after him as one looks upon the vision of a man transfigured. For an hour I sat with thumping heart and tear-wet eyes, yet in ecstasy. The blunt old lawyer had left behind him the "philosopher's stone." He had solved the riddle of life for a misplaced brother. From that moment I turned my face toward the work of my life as the world to-day knows it.

I disposed of my cabinet of illustrations for less than one-half of its cost to a gentleman of Painesville, Ohio, who had heard me and wished to pursue the subject of

character reading along the lines in which for seven years I had labored. I bade farewell to Physiognomy. It had been to me a wonderful school. I had been in touch with the myriad phases of human nature. It had given me an added faith in mankind. Man, a being of infinite value, has within himself, the richest materials for the noblest character building. His talents, gifts, affections, thoughts, actions, appetites, passions and vices are all keys with which to unlock the doors of the palace of the soul. If he will but see and strive aright, he may do more than make his life a succession of slips in sensual mire. He may walk uprightly. He may lift his head to the stars. If he be hopeful and strong in his faith, unswerving in his work, he may lend his voice to songs of joy, and may join in the "hosannas" of the celestials. Out of love and hate; out of hoping and fearing; out of winning and losing; out of plenty and hunger, honor and shame, candor and deceit, love and loathing, and every thread of the warp and woof of character, he may fashion the fabric of a perfect man. He may build out of the materials within him a white monument, storied with the worth and the glory of those who are of the order of God's own peculiar people.

V.—THE LYCEUM PLATFORM.

The change from the demand and tension of my life to a condition of inactivity and quiet, revealed the fact that I was not well; the incessant travel and continuous labor, together with the anxiety of it all, had told upon my health, and for many weeks I was on the border of nervous collapse. The need of rest was imperative, and for a period of three months my mind was a piece of fallowed ground, untilled and unseeded. In the early summer of 1880 I was sufficiently recovered to turn my attention to the preparation of a lecture along the lines which the brave old lawyer had pointed out as the proper field for my best work. In spite of the sacrifices and adversities of my life, I was still strong in courage and hope; there had been much of bitterness and shadow, and yet I was still sweet and sunny, and so somehow my thought turned toward cheery things. I believed with the poet that,

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens;"

I believed that God made all men to be happy, and that if a man is unhappy it must be his own fault. There is such a thing as the duty of happiness. The man who permits himself to fall into the servitude of sorrow and complaining is a sinner. Happiness is to be had for the asking—that is, for the willing; we may will to be happy. Happiness is purely and wholly a personal condition, a state of the mind, the heart and the conscience. It is not dependent upon surroundings, no matter how the wand of prosperity may have

touched into comfort and beauty the fabric of our lives, or the fingers of nature may have sketched into the landscape and the sky their glory and light. Happiness—the soul of the sunny side of lif—is within us, not without us. Everything in my past experience emphasized the truth of this philosophy, and so thinking and believing, I began the preparation of a lecture to be called "The Sunny Side of Life." I would go before the world with a message of hope and cheer. I would teach them to look on the bright side of things, to make the most of adversity, and to wish for and be content with little rather than much. I would hold up as an example worthy of imitation, the spirit of that chap, who, when hungry, pawned his coat for a loaf of bread, and when a dog stole the bread and ran away with it, said "Thank Heaven, I still have my appetite left!" I would teach men that even at the best, happiness is relative, comparative. A Persian philosopher bewailed his fate because he had no shoes, but when he met a man on the highway without feet, he was ashamed of his discontent, and determined never again to complain. My lecture, then, should be along such lines. I devoted many weeks to its preparation. It was all written out, and committed to memory, verbatim.

Much of the work of composition was done in a quiet corner of Mount Hope, that beautiful "God's Acre" in the city of Rochester, N. Y., which was at that time the place of my residence. In the midst of cypress trees and willows and tombs, and with the dust of the dead about and beneath me, I hammered "The Sunny Side of Life" into shape for public deliv-

ery. A strange place in which to live over the thoughts of such a theme! Nay, rather a fit place. The world is full of living dead, who need the touch and the voice of the sort of inspiration which may be had in the stories and lessons of monuments, and the comfort of the silent fellowship of those who have gone by the way of the windowless palaces of death to a newer and fuller life in the Celestial City. In the long twilight of the summer evenings of 1880 I wandered for miles out into the sweet country lanes and fields alone, and there repeated aloud hundreds of times the words of my lecture. I experimented with many forms of modulation, and tried all sorts of intonation to find the most effective method of delivery. I was governed by no set rules of elocution; I never took but one lesson in elocution in my life. A certain professor at an earlier period, undertook to make an elocutionist of me; he consumed an entire afternoon in attempting to teach me how to say "Whoa" with various shades of inflection. I succeeded in frightening most of the horses in the neighborhood. There was at least one runaway during my lesson. It was an afternoon of agony to me. I have never tried it since. Doubtless there are many speakers, or at least those who desire to become such, for whom a course of elocutionary instruction would be of great benefit. This is not true however with those who are natural elocutionists. Some are born with the gift of clear and effective pronunciation. I have a little daughter of four years of age whose perfection of enunciation is a delight to hear. I may be pardoned for saying that at her age I had similar gifts of speech. Practice, however, of the gifts we have is

essential to the best results. Mrs. Siddons, "the tragic muse" of England, incessantly rehearsed her great dramatic parts aloud. The delivery of the wonderful Whitefield was at its best after forty or more public repetitions of his sermons. Demosthenes frequently talked for days against the voice of the sea and the shout of storms. Confidence, physical earnestness, and that action which is of the temperament and the emotions rather than the body, are essential to power, and therefore to success.

The first aim of a speaker should be to make himself heard. This does not mean that he is to be a marvel of mere noise. A certain Roman orator was once recommended because his voice was of such quality as well as quantity that he could drown the noise of a hundred passing wagons, but on trial at the forum it was found that his listeners could not understand his words; they said they could not hear him. Clearness of utterance and what may be called a reaching pitch need to be sought after. The cornet can be heard farther than the trombone. The violin is never lost, however tremendous may be the volume of all the rest of the orchestra. A speaker, to have power, must be himself; he will be weak if he imitates another. This is the reason why the average elocutionist is a failure; he reflects his teacher; he imitates his teacher, instead of expressing himself. There must be the fire of earnestness, or in other words, the magnetism of sincerity; the speaker must mean what he says; he must be honest. If I know that my house is on fire, believe it to be on fire, I shall announce that fact with sincerity, and I shall announce it effectively, no teacher of

elocution will be required to instruct me as to the most convincing method of speech with relation to that calamity. I always endeavor to feel and live my lectures, to be as much a part of them as I should be of the catastrophe of my burning home. It is this fire of feeling that renders the preaching of Talmage so effective in spite of a voice the tones of which are harsh to the last degree. He distracts the ear, but he rends the heart, and lifts his hearers to the mountain-heights of emotion. He is an orator. Elocutionists may be made, but orators are born. Just so nearly as the elocutionist can simulate the orator, will he be effective.

The great lecturer must do something more than discourse; he must act; he must be dramatic. A lecturer may employ every means of the speaker's art, but if he be not dramatic he will fail to reach the heights. He may, on the contrary, lack every other gift, but if he possesses the dramatic instinct he shall be a master. John B. Gough was an illustration of this. He was exclusively dramatic. He was first, last and all the time an actor. When failing health deprived him of physical intensity, his occupation was gone, because he could no longer be dramatic. His platform efforts during the last months of his life were pitiable performances to witness. He was not strong enough to light and feed the conflagration of his passions. I have listened to him in the days of his power, when he seemed divinely inspired. It seemed as if he would consume himself. The effects of his blazing utterances were at times appalling. He described a boy hanging over a precipice of jagged rocks by a

thin strand of rope; the wind swung him to and fro; the thin rope grew thinner and thinner as it pressed upon the knife-like edges of the stones on either hand; at last the slender cord was broken; the last thread snapped; a woman, sitting near me, sprang from her seat and shrieked, "My God, the boy has fallen!" I have heard him tell of the home-coming of a drunkard, when frenzied and mad from the brew of hell he snatched his prattling babe from a cradle and flung it against the wall of the room; it was awful; the blood and brains of the child seemed to be spattered all about me. He was an actor, and for that reason he was a great orator.

After the completion of "The Sunny Side of Life," I applied to a lecture agency, styled the "American Literary Bureau," for a place upon its list of platform attractions. I put myself in the market. I placed the fee for my services at *one hundred dollars.* My name was promptly accepted by the manager of the Bureau, on condition that I pay to him a booking fee of twenty-five dollars. The booking fee was the beginning and the end of our business relations; I received no applications to lecture. It did not occur to me then that a young man of thirty-two years of age, with no special reputation among the lyceum committees and patrons of the country, could not hope to be sought after at any such price, and indeed, not to any great extent at any price. I was in the market to be sure, but I had no market value; only those commodities will sell for which there is a demand. That a demand may exist, there must be something more than worth, which is the chief and abiding requisite; there must be reputation.

I had no reputation. I was in the market, and out of the market. The fact was, I had no market.

It was not until the early summer of 1881 that I again made application to a Lecture Bureau for a place upon its list of attractions. This time I wrote to that genial soul and able manager Henry L. Slayton of Chicago. He has made reputations for a greater number of platform artists than have all the other managers of the country combined. The Slayton Bureau is the lecturer's kindergarten; out of it, led by the kindly gentle hand of its big-hearted preceptor, Henry L. Slayton, the uncertain feet of many an infant lecturer have safely toddled to the highest places in the university of the platform, strong, masterful and successful because of his encouraging words and wise guidance. In reply to my letter Mr. Slayton wrote, "I am willing to give you a trial. I have heard some favorable things said of you by those who have listened to you in your former work. You must not, however, expect too much at first. I may be able to obtain thirty or forty dollars per lecture for you for a limited number of nights. I will do the best I can for you, and if your "Sunny Side of Life" makes a success you may confidently expect to make a place which will abide."

My first engagement was at Brookville, Pa., in November, 1881. My audience consisted mainly of teachers who had convened for instruction during the day and entertainment and inspiration at night during a Teacher's Institute, whose session continued during one week. I believe I suffered more in my room at the village hotel from worry and anxiety as to the result

of my effort in the evening than even Benjamin F. Taylor, of whom I have already spoken. I did not perspire as he did; I was cold and nervous; it seemed several times as if my heart would cease to beat. On reaching the platform at the Court House where I was to speak, I was in a state of the highest nervous tension; as I sat waiting to be introduced, my feet played a tattoo upon the floor, and it seemed as if I could hardly breathe; my feet and hands were cold as ice, and my mouth was hot and dry. I had lectured more than fifteen hundred times under other circumstances, and yet was in that condition. It is all accounted for in the fact that I was on trial in a new field of labor. Everything in my life had tended to that supreme hour. I had reached the beginning of the end of my ambition. The time had come when I must win or lose. I was where the actress and the lawyer told me I belonged. I was to make the test. I was on trial. I seized a glass of water from the judge's bench and drained it to the bottom. The moment I rose to my feet all fear and trepidation vanished. I stepped out in front of the desk, took off my glasses, and began at once without any preliminary "Ladies and gentlemen." I have never delivered "The Sunny Side of Life" any better than on that evening. I was master of the situation. Scores of people shook my hand at the close of the lecture and thanked me for an evening of rare delight and profit. I did not sleep much that night! I was too happy. I sang and laughed and danced about my room almost the whole night long. I had triumphed, and I knew that I was in the right way; of a verity, I had found my place.

"The Sunny Side of Life" has been delivered nearly one thousand times; it has been heard in thirty-four states and territories, and by more than a half million of people; three thousand hours of time have been consumed in the repetition of its words; it has been listened to in all sorts of auditoriums, from Tremont Temple in Boston to a room over a cow-stable in North Dakota; my scrap-books contain more than four thousand press comments concerning it; with but two exceptions all are in the highest sense complimentary to the last degree. The two which are not complimentary are as follows. After delivering it at Troy, O., the editor of a local newspaper said: "The lecturer of last night is evidently on the "Sonny" side of life himself; when he gets out of his childhood he may be able to accomplish something of moment; his effort last night did him no credit." Comment is unnecessary, except to state that I was thirty-three years old, and my life had had but little childhood in it. An editor of an Indiana journal in the town of Rushville said: "Dr. James Hedley delivered the third number of the course at the Opera House last night. His clothes fitted him beautifully; he looks well behind footlights." That was all. I have never seen or heard its like since. The writer was no doubt thoroughly honest, and did the best he could. I was convinced of that afterward, when some one informed me that before embarking in the business of running a newspaper he had been a tailor. For fully five years the average fee for my services remained about forty dollars. During the second five years I received an average of fifty dollars; during the third five years I seldom lectured for less

than sixty dollars, and for the past five years my fee has been uniformly seventy-five dollars, with an occasional compensation of one hundred dollars.

During my connection with the Slayton Management I composed and delivered two other lectures, "Heroes and Heroism," the unwritten heroism of the common people, and "Failure and Success." These subjects have been delivered from three hundred to five hundred times. In the spring of 1883, I received a letter from the managers of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, G. H. and F. W. Hathaway of Boston and Chicago, wishing to know if I would place the control and direction of my lecture tours in their hands. This I decided to do, and for seventeen years these excellent gentlemen arranged all my public appearances. During that time I made many triumphs, and on the whole did the best work of my life. I can never forget the skill, wise business judgment and kindness of these managers; they have been more than men of business to me, they have been friends. Considerate, capable and honorable to the last degree, they hold a first place in the Lyceum System of the country, and have won a corner in the inner sanctuary of my heart, warm and abiding. Under their direction the people of America have been privileged to hear the greatest literary, scientific and musical celebrities of the world. By their efforts the Lyceum Platform has been lifted to the highest plane. The cultivated audiences of our country owe to them a debt of gratitude which can never be wholly repaid. It is to their courage and wise choosing that the American people are indebted for the presence and service of Phillips, Gough, Mrs. Liver-

more, William Parsons, Anna Dickinson, Matthew Arnold, Wilkie Collins, Nansen, Dr. Holland, George William Curtis, Amelia Edwards, Russell H. Conwell, Robert J. Burdette, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Kane, Bishop Vincent, A. A. Willetts, George R. Wendling, Talmage, Prof. DeMotte, Robert McIntyre, Camilla Urso, Carl Rosa, Emma Juch, and many others. Surely they have been the people's benefactors. At the present writing, in the years 1901-2, my professional services are under the control of the Central Lyceum Bureau of Rochester, N. Y. The managers of this agency, H. H. Rich and S. B. Hershey, are men of long experience, progressive methods, and shrewd business judgment; they are in touch with the spirit and need of the times, and honorable withal. I contracted with them for the delivery of one hundred and twenty lectures during the season of 1900 and 1901. My work in the South from the beginning has been under the able guidance of my old friends, R. C. and J. M. Coldwell, the proprietors of the Southern Lyceum Bureau of Louisville, Ky., the leading agency for that hospitable section of our country. Mr. S. B. Hershey, of the Central Lyceum Bureau, is the faithful "Cerberus at the gate," and has charge of the many business interests of that organization; every contract must pass through his hands. He is not only a man of unusual business capacity, but a most estimable Christian gentleman. He began the serious business of life as a minister of the gospel of the Master. In 1870 he was graduated with honor from Oberlin University, the historically famous Congregational College; in 1874, from the Yale Divinity School; for

seven years was pastor of the Congregational Church of Danbury, Conn.; for fourteen years he filled with honor the pulpit of the Congregational Church of Ashtabula, O.; during his pastorate with the latter church he began in connection with church work the organization of lecture courses, at the same time filling every demand of his ministry; the lecture-course work grew under his methods and guidance to such dimensions that he was compelled to lay aside the duties of the pulpit, as it was impossible for him to carry on both departments of activity. He is the original founder of the Central Lyceum Bureau, and in 1893 he formed a partnership with H. H. Rich, of Rochester, N. Y., himself a practical manager of wide experience. The work at first was confined to the States of Ohio and New York, and was comparatively modest in its scope; it has grown from year to year to such an extent that the territory in which the Bureau now operates extends from the Atlantic Ocean to Colorado. Every State of the North between those points is handled, and during the season of 1900-1 the lecture courses managed by the Bureau approximated one thousand in number, and included the names of many distinguished men and women among its oratorical and musical attractions. The clients and patrons of the "Central" come from all walks of life, and the good accomplished, not only in entertaining but uplifting the "common people" is inestimable. I have greatly enjoyed my own connection with it, and have found Messrs. Rich and Hershey to be competent, careful, high-minded and honorable men.

During the years of my lyceum life I have prepared

and delivered many lectures. Not all have been platform successes. A lecture which reads well in the study does not always "strike twelve" on the platform. It may be an admirable essay and yet lack the elements of an oration. In all, I have composed and experimented with twenty-three different subjects; of this number the following have been pronounced successes, and have earned national fame: "The Sunny Side of Life," "Wisdom's Jewelled Ring," "What is a Man Worth?" "The kingly 'No,'" "Heroes and Heroism," "Failure and Success," "Wanted—A Man," "Vagabondiana," and "Eloquence." All lecturers have their favorite themes; mine are, "The Sunny Side of Life," "Wisdom's Jewelled Ring" and "What is a Man Worth?" with no uncertain fondness for "Heroes and Heroism" and "The "Kingly 'No.'" In all my work I endeavor to deal with human interests. I steer clear of technical topics, mooted questions of philosophy and all problematical themes. These would tend only to place the minds of my hearers in attitudes of antagonism to my own, and defeat the end sought. I aim always to win first the affections of my audiences, next the reason, and lastly the conscience or will. Love is the central thought of all my work. When this central thought is wanting I fail of the best results because I lose sight of the highest good. Love opens the door of every human heart, turns the imagination to winsome things, and renders all character heroic and sacred. Looking at mankind through the eyes of love, we are optimists, and however much we may arraign human follies and frailties at the bar of honesty and justice, even to the everlasting condemnation of them,

we can never lose sight of the eternal fact that no soul is ever wholly disfigured, no life an utter waste. Love exalts and points to the ideal in character; it is lenient with the real; it may accuse, but it forgives. It is not content with tearing down; its desire and its purpose is to build up. Love always sings the cheering song of better human possibilities. I have much of respect at least for the mere things of the intellect, and for the logic of argument, the reason of books, but these things alone are cold, sour, forbidding, because the factful records of the reasoner, or the observer and reporter of the hard details of life, its struggles and disappointments, its follies and crimes, its wretched philosophy of the things that are and of the inevitable are not comforting, not reassuring, not of the fabric of hope. Why not sing of the things that may be? Why not comfort with the hope of the tomorrow? Why not wake melodies upon the instruments of the better selves of mankind. With love present, goodness and beauty are everywhere. The meanest has within him the divinity of the elder Brother of us all.

I always avoid making my lectures bookish. I do not fill them with leaves from my library. They do not smell of the encyclopedia. I have a good many books in my study, and they have profited me much, but my best library is the world, and my favorite books are the hearts of men and women and children. Somehow, I gravitate toward the lowly and the common; a laborer with a shovel, a mechanic homeward bound with his dinner pail, a boy in a ragged jacket, are all to me of nearer and dearer thought than are the commanders of armies, the rulers of empires or the kings

of wealth and power. I love the "under dog in the fight," and am his champion though at times he may err. I prefer heart to art, love character rather than reputation, have more reverence for a little understanding than for much knowledge, and believe that truth with love are the eternal verities.

I have a little book in my library by Nathan Sheppard entitled "Before An Audience." I have read it with much pleasure; it voices much of my own belief and mirrors much of my own experience. It is a valuable book for those who have pulpit or platform ambitions. In Mr. Sheppard's talk about audiences, he insists that the observation and study of an audience is essential to the speaker's success. In that way alone can he ascertain its opinion concerning him. He notes that it is necessary for a speaker to read the faces of his hearers in order to achieve the best results. My own experience does not support this claim. I am afflicted with near-sightedness to such a degree that without the aid of glasses it is impossible for me to clearly distinguish an object at a distance of eight feet. To be able to see and read the faces of an audience is for me a physical impossibility, because while speaking I always discard my glasses; they rob the countenance of much of its expressiveness, and deprive a spreaker of the peculiar power which the eyes exert.

To me, the inability to discern the faces of my hearers is a blessing, and indeed an aid to the highest success. My organization is of such a sensitive quality, that any inattention or disapproval would not only give me pain, but would so disconcert me that beyond question I should break down. I remain blissfully ig-

norant of everything which might have a tendency to disturb the progress of my labor, or in any way upset my equanimity. Late comers have no terrors for me. Men may come, and men may go, but like Tennyson's brook, "I go on forever." The twitchings of Miss Fuss-and-Fidget have no terrors for me, and do not ruffle the serenity of my mind. If my utterances produce a contortion of her features, such as to imply an attack of the colic, I do not know it. I am utterly oblivious to the tip-tilted nose of my Lady Disdain. Lovers may spoon; the phlegmatic may sleep, and the chewers of gum may manipulate that dainty cud with all the contented enjoyment of a cow in a meadow of clover—it is all the same to me. I am the one fortunate and happy lecturer of the world. I am not on the platform to see, but to be seen. No listener has ever discovered my lack of visual discernment. To my audiences, I seem to be able to see, and surely that is sufficient. A lady once said to me, "You have the most wonderful control of your eyes I ever saw; I tried my best to-night to look you out of countenance, but failed." My eyes have been called "magnetic, dramatic, psychologic," and all that sort of thing. Using no glasses, it would be impossible for me to use manuscript; another blessing. I do not enjoy a reader of manuscript, and I know that audiences do not; they want a speaker to lecture, not to read; notes are a hindrance; they break in upon the continuity of any effort, and stand in the way of the highest oratorical effects. I once heard Edward Everett, who always had his manuscript at hand for reference if necessary. He was describing the flight of some wild pigeons

through a wood; suddenly, the speaker paused; the flight was interrupted; the rustle and whir of wings ceased; Mr. Everett was compelled to look through his manuscript for the forgotten sentence before the pigeons could proceed; it marred utterly what would otherwise have been a beautiful picture. I use no manuscript; my verbal memory fortunately is of the best, and besides, I am able to think on my feet and can improvise when memory fails.

In my work, I have always been encouraged by words of cheer and appreciation from many distinguished men and women. In January, 1885, I made my first appearance in a town of classic New England. I was anxious as to my success in that section. I had been told that New England people were cold, and not given to any expression of pleasure, even though it might have been given them. All this erroneous report was set at naught as soon as I had appeared. After my lecture at Bradford, N. H., Hon. Mason W. Tappan, Attorney-General of the State of New Hampshire, wrote:

"I had the pleasure last evening of listening to your eloquent lecture on 'The sunny side of life,' delivered in the Baptist Church, and I was so much interested, both in the manner and matter of the lecture, that I take this way of thanking you for a very delightful evening's entertainment. I think no lecture in our course this winter has given so much general satisfaction. It was replete with good sense and genuine humor, taking a cheery view of life. The anecdotes and illustrations were so apt and telling, that they never failed to bring down the house. Wishing you great success in the lecture field, I am, very respectfully,

Your Obed't Servant,

MASON W. TAPPAN."

I have always greatly enjoyed New England audiences. They always give one an honest verdict. New England people are a people of reason; they are not blinded by mere sentimentalities. What a history is theirs, and how they have blessed this land of ours! Sturdy, honorable, just and chaste, they have always been a people of universal sobriety and health, the chief elements of happiness. The years of their lives are calm and many. In mental capacity, physical courage and moral uprightness, they are giants. In the halls of debate, and upon fields of battle, they have always been triumphant. Every New England family is represented to-day in this land by an average of a thousand souls of its own blood, and this blood, the leaven of the intellectual and moral life of this nation, flows in the veins of twenty million people. I am indebted to Hon. William Lawrence, of Ohio, once Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States; to William Cox, the gifted merchant-scholar of Rochester, N. Y., whose "Science of Understanding," based upon the writings of Homer, has given him an exalted place among the philosophic thinkers of the world; to Mr. Walter Hughson, of New York City, prominent in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association; to S. M. Spedon, editor of "Talent," writer and entertainer, whose inimitable "chalk-talks" are widely known and sought after; to Maj. Charles H. Smith, the famous "Bill Arp" of Southern humor, that delightful soul, in whose hospitable home I have passed many happy hours; to Hon. Allen Warden of Wisconsin, and later of Missouri; to Edmund J. Burke, the gifted impersonator, and portrait painter of Rochester, N. Y.; and

to Hudson H. Burr, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., my friend of many years; how many welcome taps at the door of memory I hear, at the thought of his name! and to many other friends for that encouragement and counsel which has enabled me to stand my ground and win my way, often when the outlook seemed dark indeed.

I have been the recipient of the cheer and faith of my brethren of the Lyceum Platform to a marked degree. Early in my career Hon. George R. Wendling wrote: "I have followed you in many places during the past year. Everywhere I have heard the highest praise of your work. Go on; you are bound to succeed. God bless and prosper you, and bring your ship into a peaceful haven." Russell H. Conwell, that giant of Philadelphia, who has known the pain and pleasure of trial and triumph, wrote: "I am always glad to commend you everywhere, because I know you never fail to give even more than people ask." I have in old scrap-books hundreds of letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women, all breathing sympathy, love and blessing. How good this world is! What splendid souls walk the fields of this life! Heaven cannot fail to be a place of supremest bliss, when such as these get there. In my study hangs the portrait of dear Robert J. Burdette. Burdette, whose philosophy of life is as sweet and as full of benediction as the gentle words of Abou Ben Adhem, who went first into the Heavenly country because he loved his fellow-men; at the tap of his merry finger, every heart opens wide to let him in; the prince of the philosophic jesters of any time! How many and beautiful the words of commendation he has said for me up and

down the land! How like the blessing of the rain to the parched grass it is to receive a letter from his kindly bountiful pen! Here is one from his home at Robinsnest, near Bryn Mawr:

"Dear Dr. Hedley:—Your cheery and ever so welcome letter of January sixth would have been answered six months ago, (the date of this letter is March fourteenth) but—well—I've quit lying, so I won't make the excuse I was going to. As a Pullman porter once remarked to me when "second seventy-two had lost her right of way, and was trying to run on extra fourteen's time, and had got chucked into a gravel pit by a wood train running wild, 'Predestination is de thief of time.'" I am getting ready to go to California where SHE is waiting for me. (Mr. Burdette was about to be married.) I have a thousand things to do to-day, two thousand tomorrow, and everything on earth the next day; and the day after that, I begin all over again. So you see? I can't half answer your dearly prized letter, (which I have sent to her, by the way.) How fortunate you are, that you can spell well enough to use a type-writer! Whenever I use mine, I have to print at the bottom,—"Dictated Letter" to conceal my crimes. But I was afraid I couldn't fool you that way. A thousand thanks for your letter! Come out to Pasadena and see me.

Always your friend,

Robert J. Burdette."

A letter which I prize as highly as any in my possession is from that genial comforter and lover of mankind, Dr. A. A. Willetts. It reveals the soul of

its author. It bears the date of January, 1893. Dr. Willetts delivers a lecture called "Sunshine, the secret of a happy life." It was never my happy fortune to hear it. His "Sunshine," and my "Sunny Side" were both given in the great lecture course of Boston in Tremont Temple. I preceded him. In my lecture, I told a story of a German soldier who after being flogged for a misdemeanor, laughed riotously, and when questioned for the reason of his laughter, replied, "You haf peen licking the wrong man!" Dr. Willitts in his lecture told a similar story about a schoolboy. His story did not "take" as we say. The good doctor was troubled about it. Some dyspeptic individual took ocasion to comfort him, by saying "Hedley told that, and took the wind out of your sails. He is going about the country with all your good things. He has stolen the best of your lecture." This came to my notice and I frankly wrote Dr. Willitts about it. I assured him that at no time had I ever heard him upon the platform, nor did I know that any story of his was similar to mine. I further assured him that if his story was dear to him, I would never again repeat mine, but gave him exclusive right and title in the premises. I told him of the good words said of his splendid work, and wished he might be able to gather all the world together in some great auditorium, like to the valley of the Yellowstone Park, and at the hour of sunset, speak his message as a last "goodnight to earth" before he died. His letter in reply was as follows:

"My Dear Dr. Hedley: I am very much obliged to you for your letter. Some eight or ten years ago,

some man in central Ohio said to me—'Do you know Dr. Hedley has got up a lecture on " 'The sunny side of life' " and has got lots of your " 'Sunshine' " lecture in it?' Well, I smiled and did not make any reply. At the close of my lecture in the 'Star Course' (Boston) a gentleman came up and said 'First-rate, Doctor! Capital! Everything in it new, except one story.' 'What was that?' 'Whipping the wrong school-boy.' 'Where did you ever hear that?' 'Why, Dr. Hedley gave us that?' 'Well, all I have to say is Hedley borrowed it from my lecture without giving me proper credit for it. The story I tell I dramatized from an incident I heard twenty years ago, and the whole drapery and dramatic action is my own conceit, and I did feel as if I had a professional patent on it. I felt that a brother lecturer who having heard me give it, and then used it himself, should say 'Willetts tells a good story, etc.,' as I have often in repeating a story of Gough's or Beecher's. When I lectured at Cambridgeport the other night, an old friend who had heard me twenty years before, said, 'Why did you not give us that capital thing about whipping the wrong school boy?' I replied, 'I don't give that any more—Dr. Hedley has monopolized that. I don't tell it for fear they will say I stole it from Hedley.' Now your letter sets me right on two points in which I was mistaken: Firstly, that you never heard my lecture on "Sunshine;" Second, that your story and mine are totally different, except in a single point—the wrong person whipped! So I am very glad to be set straight and shall never again make the charge of plagiarism against you. I try to love all men; to feel well and

speak well of my brother lecturers. Indeed 'good-will to men' is a part of my creed, and I have rarely had cause to feel otherwise. Dear Doctor, I again thank you for your kind letter, and give you my hand, and say 'God Bless you!' May He always help you to show men how to find the 'sunny side of life,' and that behind all the clouds the sun still shines, and it is only a question of time before He will show His bright face, and if they will face the sun, the shadows will always be behind them. Very truly yours,

A. A. Willitts."

Verily that "whipped boy" builded better than he knew. He made for me a friend of purest gold. Dear old Willitts! Over seventy years have whitened his hair at this writing, and still he dispenses as sweetly as of old his gospel of beneficence. Dear sunny soul, with the odor of the May-time about him, and the warmth of June in his heart. His eyes are full of laughter. His mouth is like a child's, so sweet is it, and so frank. He is worthy to be called by that sweetest name ever given to the Carpenter of Nazareth; he should be called "The Comforter." He has filled the pulpits of some of the great churches of the land, and he always preached the same gospel, the gospel of comfort. That is his creed. He has brought that creed to the platform, and whether he talks on "Sunshine," or on "The model wife," his message is always the same. It is to make the rough paths of life smooth, to bring roses back to white cheeks, and to attune the broken voices of the suffering to laughter's key. He was in his prime when Phillips and Beecher and Gough were comparatively young; he is

still in his prime. I do not believe the fountain of immortal youth is down in Florida—it is in the heart of A. A. Willitts.

Whenever I find that Dr. Willitts has been announced to deliver his "Sunshine" in a course in which I am to appear, I always insist upon giving "Wisdom's jewelled ring," or "What is a man worth?" that he may have full course to run and be glorified. I wish he might live seventy years longer. I wish he might always live. He will, too; and that on earth, for the world can never forget him.

Far above all friends who have cheered and strengthened me, stands one apart and alone from all the rest. That friend is a woman. She has made possible for me a place from which when going, I weep, and to which returning, I laugh as with the laughter of angels; a place to which my children bring the first wild flowers of Spring; a place where affection lights as with the splendor of morning door-step and window and fire-side; a place that sorrow has hallowed and joy blest as with a benediction; a place where when men forsake me and doubt me, faith still abides, and the heart still hopes; no painter can do it justice, no poet can sing a song worthy of it, and no philosopher can explain the meaning of its power, its uplifting, and its salvation; the place is HOME, and the WOMAN is MARY my wife, who has made it possible. When the tempest rages, and the ship of life is all but overwhelmed by wind and wave, there is no anchor like home, and no pilot like a good wife. After all, home and wife and children pull hardest at the heart-strings, and are the strongest incentive to brave

endeavor and high achievement. These have given me strength and courage and hope, and have reconciled me to the many hardships and self-denials of the serious business of a travelling lecturer's life. And it is serious business; it is hard work. The lecturer is very much a vagabond; he wanders about from place to place, homeless and for the most part friendless and alone. Miles of weary travel, wretched meals and fireless rooms in bad hotels, and the discomforts and exposures incident to the cold dark days and nights of winter, the time when he is most in demand, are all a part of his regular bill-of-fare. He must have nerves of steel, and the self-control of an angel of the better country to stand the wear and grind of it all. The lecturer journeys more miles in a season than any commercial traveller. I have averaged more miles each year for the past twenty years than are required to girdle the earth's circumference. All sorts of conveyances have been pressed into service to enable me to "get there;"—limited express trains, local passengers, palace cars, and freight cars; trains by day and by night; steamboats, hand-ferries, row-boats, and rafts; omnibuses, carriages, wagons, sleighs, buckboards and drays. I have walked five miles in mud and water above my shoe-tops, and once poled through floating ice in the Illinois River. When connections have been missed, because of accident or delay, I have ridden at the rate of a mile a minute, for forty miles, and gone to the platform unwashed and unfed. Often, when behind time, I have made my toilet for the evening in the smoking compartments of sleeping cars, and behind piles of trunks in baggage cars. At

two and three o'clock in the morning, I have carried my heavy satchel through sleet and rain three and even four miles miles to a railroad depot, and there waited in fireless rooms, or out in the cold and storm for my train which was an hour or more behind time. I had such an experience some twelve years since at a station in Iowa; the train was late, and the railroad waiting room was devoid of light or fire; the mercury stood at thirteen degrees below zero; I thought I should freeze to death, and verily believe I should have done so, had not the track-walker, making his nightly round found me, and taken me to his cabin, where I was warmed at his fire, and refreshed with a strong cup of coffee which he had his "ould woman" get up and make for me. I shall never forget that dear "ould woman."

I have lectured before white people, black people and red people; for the "upper ten," and the "lower ten thousand;" for collegians and cow-boys; for ministers and miners; litterateurs and lunatics; for saints in the house of God, and sinners in penitentiaries. I remember I was in doubt about my penitentiary audience, and said to the warden, "Do you suppose your people will appreciate what I may have to say?"

"Certainly," he replied, "you will find plenty of brains here; it takes brains to get into the penitentiary; if men would use half the brains to keep out of the penitentiary that they do to get in, it would be a very lonesome place!"

I was somewhat reassured. I should at least have the kind of appreciation that brains can give. Had the warden told me that I should find hearts there, love

inspired, and consciences on guard at the gate of the soul, I should have felt still better, but of course he could not tell me that. This incident forced in upon me the conviction that, after all, we need something more than brains to be men, something more than intellect, and I remembered that Cardinal Angelo had intellect, but it did not keep him from stealing corn. I remembered that the most magnificently intellectual age in Italian history was that under the reign of the great Lorenzo, and yet there never was a time in the life of Italy, when men and women, and even boys and girls were quite so low and vile and morally lost as then, and it was the sin and the shame of that time which called forth the thunders of the righteous wrath of brave Savonarola.

The Lyceum Platform is an institution; it is a force in the land; it has a mission. Whatever tends toward the intellectual and moral enrichment of a community is a power for good. Give this power a permanent form by organization, and the result is an institution. With the high needs of the common people in mind, with an unvarying purpose to reach the minds, hearts and above all the consciences of men and women, and to turn them toward the contemplation of right things, particularly with a view toward heeding and living such right things, a force is established the value of which is inestimable. Among the permanent institutions for the advancement of humanity, the Lyceum Platform holds a first place. It stands side by side with the church, the moral club and the Christian associations of the time as a magnet to draw the people from the low levels of the commonplace, the mean

and the degrading to the heights where pure thoughts, sweet emotions and spiritual convictions dwell, and where human possibilities for the best in life are at once evident and helpful.

The Lyceum Platform from its infancy has been one of the world's evangels. It has had its teachers, heroes, apostles, and prophets,—as much so as the church. The words of Garrison, Greeley, Thomas Starr King and Beecher were as potent in the liberation of the black man from the chains of slavery as any other power that can be named, and these words were spoken in the lecture courses of the land. John B. Gough, whose sublime gifts were as a divine revelation, consecrated a work of forty years to the redemption of humanity from the bondage of intemperance, and the Lyceum Platform was the medium through which he labored. All great questions of social as well as political and moral reform have found opportunity for utterance through the lecture course as an institution, and by means of it mankind have been drawn nearer the hope and the will of the Master.

To-day the Lyceum Platform is doing marvellous work throughout the length and breadth of our country, in molding the minds and hearts of the people, and fixing them upon the heights of the "delectable mountains" where all that is best and brightest of moral human beauty shines, as shines the sun. Countless thousands have been profited by the lyceum of old Salem, Massachusetts, during the seventy years of its existence. With the coming season, the lyceum of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will enter upon the fiftieth year of its grand work. For more than forty years Sing

Sing, N. Y., under the shadow of penitentiary walls, has thundered the diapason of truth and wisdom through its lecture course. Camden, N. J., for ten years has so shaped the finer convictions of men that the nights of the lyceum draw out a thousand hearers, in spite of theaters and dances and dime museums in the city over the Delaware River. Elkhart, Indiana, began a lecture course seventeen years ago, in the face of prejudice and adverse popular opinion. The city was known as a "show town," and the people were flooded with an avalanche of coarse, unprofitable and even immoral entertainments. Hard-working men and women spent their money for that which gave them nothing beneficial, and which filled the minds of their children with morbid thoughts and degraded tastes. At first, the new force struggled for life, but it kept on and on, until the cheap "show-man" began to omit Elkhart, as it "did not pay," and the people at last said, "Our money and our time shall be given to better things." Hundreds of listeners crowded the largest auditorium to get the results of the ripe scholarship, the wise suggestion, and the moral uplift, as well as the entertainment of the lecturers who gave of their best to benefit and delight. Many who do not go to church will attend a lecture, and that attendance is frequently the open door for them into God's house thereafter. Many whose financial means are inadequate to the purchase of books are given a liberal education by means of the lyceum. Horace Mann, that prince of teachers, said: "The lyceum is the people's college, the larger pulpit, and the noblest platform reform has ever had." Many

toiling, struggling young men and women in the schools and colleges of our land are lifted out of the "slough of despond," and inspired to renewed effort by the messages of sweet cheer heard from the platform.

There can be no question as to the power, the mission of the Lyceum Platform. It is a leaven of good in every community wherever introduced, and upon that fact rests its paramount claim to the support of the people. It meets a want and fills a place that nothing elese can do. All that is best in literature, art, science and practical religion is within its domain. By virtue of its magnificent past, its strong and healthful present, and the wider possibilities of its future, it has a hold upon the affections of humanity which is as the hold of a giant, and in the grasp of its power, which, however firm, is always kindly, always loving, the intellectually weak and the morally lame are made strong and enabled to walk with uprightness.

Occasionally, some ill-advised newspaper insists that the platform is declining, and that the day of the lecturer is passing away. Last season, there were more lectures delivered throughout the country, than at any previous time, in all, some six thousand. There can be no such thing as the decline of the platform. Lecturers and lecturing will no more pass away than will the practice of medicine, or law, or preaching or teaching, or the editing of newspapers. Some lecturers go out and are forgotten, but lecturing remains and will continue to remain as long as time itself endures. Public speaking is an indestructible branch of industry. The announcement of a great speaker

will command a crowded hearing, just as it ever has, from the time of the talks of Jesus, up to the last address in Boston, or New York, or Jonesville or Smith-town. The lecture is the foundation of the university, and the university still rests upon it. "Popular lecturing" is far more pleasing and satisfactory than "university extension lecturing." It is less given to technicalities, obscure reference, and the one-sided enthusiasms of specialists, who are often narrow of vision.

There is an entertainment side to the present-day platform, which doubtless in time will decline. Just now, it is at its height, and savors somewhat of the character of the vaudeville, or "variety show." Certain "managers," anxious to fill their pockets with lucre, are given to speculation with light and somewhat frivolous performances. The people are sometimes taken and done for by such so-called "combinations" as the "Pretzo-Lagerian Trio of Yudlers, from the Yudel-vaal, near Skinsinnoti;" "Salmo-Semaj, the Seventh Son of the Seven Stars, the Oriental Conjurer," who scatters the ace of spades, the queen of clubs, and the jack of diamonds all over the sacred desk of the house of God, mystifying the Philistines, and shocking the godly; but these do not represent the Lyceum, form no part of it, and in the nature of things cannot last. There is an entertainment side to the lyceum, however, which is wholesome and clean in character, and therefore thoroughly acceptable. In my own work, I have given considerable attention to entertainment. If people are entertained, they give attention; attention

being gained, it is easy to instruct, inspire and benefit. Audiences delight in illustration; abstract reasoning will fail frequently where a picture, a dramatic incident, a story, or even a song, will achieve the end desired. To hold and move and convince all classes, the lecture must be a piece of mosaic; a thing of fact and fancy, humor and pathos, sense and sentiment, fable and moral. My creations of "Lillian Addlepate Tattlewit at the Piano," "Patsy and Mike," "The morning-glory," "Texas Courtship," "Mrs. Blunderbuss Bang's Pink and White Tea," "Ruby and Sandy," "Fortunatus Bagg's Musicale," "Dicky Weaver to the Miners," "Professional Church Choir," "Slumber Song," and other children of my fancy, have done as much to fix the minds and hearts of my listeners upon earnest and honest things as any effort of logic, or burst of eloquence.

There is much of charm in the better concerts and readings which come before the people, and yet even these are not vital to the life of the platform. It is pleasant to hear music at a dinner, but the music neither adds to nor takes from the dinner; the bread and beef are the real things, and they remain the same. Pictures are acceptable in a book, especially to children, but the argument of the book, after all, is the soul of it, and only souls are immortal. If the producing "managers," who provide the entertainment side of the lyceum are wise, they will not misinterpret the wants of the people to the hurt of the lyceum idea. In the theater world, managers frequently attempt to justify the production of certain performances by the plea: "We must give the people what they want."

This plea is both weak and false. The great majority of men and women want what they need. Whatever tends to elevate, instruct, inspire and delight, is the need and want of the time. Only that can delight which is beautiful, and that alone is beautiful which is pure, refined and true; herein is the only good.

It must not be understood that there is any lessening of the former high standards of the Lyceum Platform, in its distinctive domain, in the intellectual, social or moral life of our country. To concede that would be to impeach the intelligence and the conscience of not only those who speak from it, but of those who make up its audiences. He must be very much of a cynic, a pessimist, or a mental dyspeptic, who connot discern the hopeful strength of the messages which emanate from the present-day platform, and the healthful quality of the food provided for sound intellectual digestion. The character of an institution depends upon the quality of its component parts. The character of the platform, whether high or low, is necessarily a reflex of the character of its lecturers. Lecturer and lyceum are synonymous. The intellectual and moral strength of the one implies the intellectual and moral strength of the other. What appreciable difference can any fair-minded critic point out and conclusively establish, between the "giants of those days" and the giants of these days? Many of the strong thinkers of the time, the representative men of our country, are on the platform. Are they mental weaklings or moral degenerates? If so, why do thoughtful and refined people crowd to hear them? Why is it that lecture courses have increased to an

extent that is approximately phenomenal? Between thirty and forty years ago, each winter provided about one hundred lecture courses throughout the country. Last season, (1899-1900) the lyceum courses numbered nearly one thousand. The patrons approached in round numbers three-quarters of a million. Surely they were not drawn together to give ear and mind and heart wholly to themes of a light and frivolous character. The chief supporters of the lyceum of to-day come from the colleges and schools of the country, from the literary and social clubs, the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Christian Endeavor Societies, and from the thoughtful, earnest hosts of the common people. There never was a time when the masses were so eager to hear and know as now. Was it to provide the thin arrow-root tea of mental nurslings that the White Fund of Lawrence, Massachusetts, the Ames Fund of North Easton, Massachusetts, the Peabody Fund of Danvers, Massachusetts, the Merrill Fund of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the Jordan Fund of Columbus, Georgia, and a score of others I might name, were established? Did these philanthropists discover that the Lyceum Platform had degenerated and because of that degeneracy, decide to devote countless thousands of dollars to its maintenace? It may be admitted that in one particular, the vital thought of the platform has changed, and that change exists because the condition which made that particular vital thought possible has disappeared. It has been swept away by the besom of carnage upon blood-stained battle-fields. That one vital thought grew out of the existence of slavery. Do those who

extol the fire of the platform utterances of former times, desire a renewal of the same sort of fire? Then must slavery come again. May the peace of earth, and the love of heaven forbid!

Did it ever occur to the complainers that the themes of the Lyceum Platform of thirty and forty years ago, which are preserved as oratorical classics, are along other lines than that of the "irrepressible conflict?" When we call to mind the greatest platform achievement of Wendell Phillips, the prince of the anti-slavery agitators, it is not some utterance for liberty; it is his lecture entitled "The Lost Arts." That was very largely a dose of medicine for our somewhat common American disease, egotism; how he took the conceit out of us with its forests of forgotten facts? When he had finished, we knew that we were not the only people of the earth who had discovered, invented and accomplished wonders. The fame of Henry Ward Beecher was established by his lectures on "The Beautiful," and "The Ministry of Wealth." Thomas Starr King's greatest lyceum effort was his lecture entitled "Substance and Show;" simple men of common sense after hearing it, used to say "Gracious, but them's idees!" Emerson was at his best in his series of talks on "Representative Men." These subjects were all delivered from the old Essex Lyceum platform, and were the gems of its earlier history.

What of the men and the subjects of to-day? Beecher and Chapin and Starr King are gone, but magnificent Conwell and Talmage, and splendid Dixon, and the prose-poet McIntyre, and William H.

Crawford, who has followed in the footsteps of Huss and Wycliff, that he might speak with authority of them; Gunsaullus and Hillis, and delightful Willitts, and the almost omniscient DeWitt Miller, strong, factful and tactful, remain, and so long as intelligence endures, and the ability to receive, understand and profit by noble utterances abides, will the themes of these men,—such themes as "Acres of Diamonds," "Backbone," "Buttoned-up People," "A chapter in the history of Liberty," "The Stranger at our Gates," and "Sunshine,"—impress, uplift, strengthen and bless the multitudes who gather to hear them to-day, and in as great measure as any utterances of the earlier time.

The studied art and finished grace of Edward Everett may have charmed, although he fell short of the highest eloquence, but these same qualities are no less apparent in the work of Mr. Wendling, who by virtue of his tremendous earnestness is the greater orator, while the moral value of his utterances go far beyond anything of Mr. Everett's best; Mr. Everett's lecture on "Washington" fell far below the heights attained by Mr. Wendling in his "Saul of Tarsus," and his "Man of Galilee;" Edward Everett was too conservative, too much a slave to his conception of the artistic and fit, to reach the Olympian summits of eloquent greatness. He was too anxious to be right, as the majority saw right. He was an apologetic trimmer. True he walked in the quiet valleys, and by the sweetly murmuring brooks of speech; he gathered the flowers of language, and weaved them into garlands of myriad and beautiful colors; listeners admired, but were not moved by him. He knew not the torrent,

the avalanche. He could pipe melodiously, but he could not thunder. His silvery veins of reflection were dug with a golden spade, but with him, the grinding of the "mills of the gods" was an unknown quantity. He was an oratorical Beau Brummel, and his attitudes and gestures suggested rehearsals before a full-length mirror. His physical presence was impressive, and yet his orations failed to impress. His address on "Washington" was the highest possible exhibition of the evolution of the school-boy declamation. It did not build the monument to Washington. The cause and not the declaimer built it. Love of the Father of his Country, in the hearts of a grateful people was the motive power which opened purses. Had the subject been a eulogy of John Smith, it would not have touched one generous heart, but with Henry Clay as the orator, the people would have said, "We do not know John Smith, but here is our money!"

Dr. Holland and James T. Fields did good work in the old days, but Bain, of Kentucky, and Lorimer, of Boston, do better work in these days. John G. Saxe used to succeed moderately well in spite of a faulty delivery, in finding the humorous part of the gray matter of the brains of those who heard him, but neither his matter nor his manner would be acceptable to the multitudes whose lips have smiled, eyes moistened and hearts kept time to the mirth, the pathos, and the love-laden music of James Whitcomb Riley. Josh Billings managed to voice, though somewhat hoarsely, a sort of semi-Solomonic wisdom, through the medium of his mangled English,—lo, these many years ago,—but there is a little man on the platform to-day, whose

philosophy of life is as sweet and as full of benediction as were the loving words of the Master; what he has to say is couched in upright English, his words have no "bad spells;" this little man is the king of the ethical and philosophical jesters of the Courts of the World,—he is Robert J. Burdette.

The Lyceum Platform thirty and forty years ago, could boast of perhaps a score of thinkers, some of whom were orators; they served well their day and generation; products of the "form and pressure of the time," they met its requirements, and left behind them evidences of work nobly done, and no man can say the memory of them shall perish. In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless them, every one!"

Through the medium of the platform to-day, the people are afforded glimpses of the great literary authors of the English-speaking world, and while with here and there an exception, as in the case of Charles Dickens, they are neither orators nor elocutionists, and not often entertainers in the popular sense, they serve to fix the minds of the masses upon that order of books which not only delight but do them good. There are too many books which work the moral if not the intellectual undoing of those who read them, but the Lyceum Platform has never been accessible to the writers of them. To all such, the platform has ever remained a closed door.

It is true that from time to time we have had visits from famous Englishmen, whose platform utterances have not been "blessings in disguise," or at least, they have been so thoroughly disguised that we have failed to discover them. Matthew Arnold in his lecture on

"Numbers," tried to destroy our time-honored and sacred reverence for the faith in the wisdom and safety of the "will of the majority;" he comforted (?) us much with the assurance that so long as we had in our midst "an intellectually and morally well-balanced remnant, or minority, whose blood was distinctively English," we might hope to endure as a Republic, and in some way come out in the end, a reasonably judicious and happy nation. Charles Kingsley came to view our country with a "critic's eye," and to gather in our honest Yankee dollars. Once we loved Charles Kingsley, but our love had vanished at the time of his visit. It had been murdered by his own hand. There is much discussion at the present hour, as whether we of America do, or do not hate England and everything English. Goldwin Smith has insisted that we do. Professor Tyndall was disposed to think that we do not. As for myself, born in England, and driven by the hand of poverty to these shores that I might obtain an education, which there I could not have done save as a "Charity Scholar," I am inclined not to fan the fire of affection to anything of a white heat for her, and especially at this time, when her chief business is to wipe from the face of the earth a simple, honest Christian Republic in the wilds of South Africa, that she may, in the words of Cecil Rhodes, uphold the "greatest commercial asset in the world,—the flag of England!" The place which the flag of England holds in my heart, can best be expressed by quoting the following lines of Henry Labouchere which appeared in the columns of the London "Truth:"

"And the winds of the world made answer,
North, South, and East and West;
Wherever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possessed;
Wherever are savage races
To cozen, co-erce and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign—
For the English flag is there.

Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels
When African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets,
Or to wretchedly starve and die!
And where the beach-comber harries
The isles of the Southern Sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessel,
'Tis the English flag flies free!

The Maori full oft hath cursed it
With his bitterest dying breath;
And the Arab has hissed his hatred
As he spits at its folds in death.
The hapless fellah has feared it
On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep indelible stain.

It has floated o'er scenes of pillage;
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame;
It has waved o'er the fell marauder
As he ravished with sword and flame.
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacres dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the jingo hymn.

Where is the flag of England?
Seek the lands where the natives rot;

Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go search for the once-glad islands,
Where disease and death are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now battens on human life!

Where is the flag of England?
Go! sail where rich galleons come,
With shoddy and loaded cottons,
And beer, and Bibles and rum;
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair;
And your question will find its answer—
For the flag of England's there!"

May the God of nations preserve our loved banner of stars from such a mission, and such a curse as that!

Perhaps it would be nearest the truth to say that we of America neither hate nor love England. We try to remain impartial. When she does well, we applaud her; when she does ill, we condemn her. We are proud of her literature. We admire her great men, not because of their nationality, but because of their genius, and above all, because of their manhood. Because they were great men rather than great Englishmen, we reverence and honor Shakespeare, and Hampden and Sidney and Dickens and Thackeray for their deeds and thoughts, and for their hatred of sham, and for every impulse they have given to honest endeavor and human freedom. We do not admire the Arnolds and the Froudes who came to us with pessimisms, and perverted history. We did not sing loud hosannas for Wilkie Collins, because he said nothing worthy a shout or a song. We of America try to judge

men according to their value, because they are men, and not because they are English, or French, or German or of any other land or tongue. We once loved Charles Kingsley, because of his "Alton Locke," and "Westward Ho!" and for the sweet sermons delivered in "auld lang syne" to his little country congregations. In the old time, we believed him to be the exponent of the better humanity; we felt that his heart went out to the slave, and were proud of his championship of our Republic. In the terrible days of our civil war, when men sought to destroy this fair nation, and when our flag had been insulted and degraded, we expected sympathy and cheer from Charles Kingsley, but we were disappointed; he had gone out from his simple tender rectorship at Eversley, and had become a professor of history in an ancient university, and chaplain to the Queen; he became the toady and lick-spittle of aristocracy; he interpreted history wholly from the standpoint of the Tory; he became the sycophant of "my lord and lady;" he became a renegade from the high principles of his earlier manhood for the sake of petty distinction:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat."

We did not honor him therefore, because he had ceased to be a man! The Lyceum Platform of America is open to all who are men, no matter from what land they come. It gave a royal welcome to Stanley and Farrar and dear Ian Maclaren; it will always welcome honest, earnest, just and loving souls who come with messages of faith and fairness, love and liberty.

Our own country is fertile in the production of just such men as the people love to hear. Whether Englishmen come or go, we shall continue to honor and profit by our own DeMotte and Dinsmore, Copeland and McClary, Gordon of the South-land, who brings its warm kisses to the tremulous lips of the passing Northern soldier; Henson, the inimitable Baptist jester and moralist; Dolliver and Vincent; Fowler and Watterson, each man, though of once opposing sections, speaking in eloquent and truthful terms of Abraham Lincoln, and twining for the pale brow of that friend of white and black alike, the forget-me-nots of love! The Lyceum Platform is still an evangel of good as of old. Its lectures are strong in character and are of the noblest order of knighthood, because they are men.

How wide the influence, and how great the responsibility of the popular lecturer! In a vague and general sense, all people concede the power of oratory. The close student of the sources of human influence fully recognizes that power, in all its good and evil possibilities, over the masses of the common people. Eloquently spoken words produce deeper and more immediate, if not permanent, results than eloquently written ones. There is perhaps in the person of T. DeWitt Talmage, an exception to this rule. He is the only living man who can make written words speak. His written sentences have voices. Printed rhetoric with him is alive with the semblance of utterance, of intonation. To me, this is inexplicable. In this peculiar power, save in the instance of the Christ, neither reading nor experience has revealed his duplicate.

When Demosthenes delivered a patriotic oration, providing it was pregnant with truth, with honesty, the people who heard him said at once, "Let us go and fight Philip!" A little child, after listening to George Whitefield's beautiful and impassioned pictures of Heaven and the Deity, sobbed "Let me go to Mr. Whitefield's God!" Recently during the Methodist Conference at Kansas City, Dr. Leonard, a man of commanding presence and great dramatic intensity, declared that no nation of the world had done more to civilize and bless humanity than England. Scores of those who listened to him were in whole-hearted sympathy with the Africanders, now fighting for Republican freedom as against the dominion of Empire, and yet even these responded with an outburst of applause. During the Presidential campaign of 1896, a little wiry, nervous man, a natural orator, daily addressed great crowds of people, many of whom were of the idle, discontented class, in the city of Cleveland. The utterances of the man were of an incendiary character; he denounced the wealthy classes as thieves and brutal task-masters; all workmen were slaves, and they were bound to such an extent with the manacles of the rich man's greed and selfishness, that the negroes of the southern rice-swamp were veritable freemen as compared with them. "It is your duty," he said, "to lift your hands against your employers! You should shoot! You should burn! You should give them the benefit of the workingman's best friend—dynamite!" This orator moved his hearers to a pitch of dangerous enthusiasm. They were filled with satanic fury. Acts of lawlessness

were common as a result of those speeches. To this day, that anarchist orator is quoted at the assemblages of strikers, free thinkers and ultra-socialists. He made a permanent impression.

It is not necessary to multiply instances to illustrate the power the orator possesses to move the common mind and heart, and to fix upon a high or low plane, the common conscience. Be he right or wrong, the public speaker, the lecturer, who is sincere in his convictions and who possesses that quality, which for the want of a better name is called magnetism, who is dominated by the storm of the heart rather than the head, and who is at once pathetic, persuasive and commanding—in short an orator—will wield an influence for good or ill, that is subtle and practically irresistible, and because of that fact, his responsibility is tremendous.

I am frank to say that I have no respect for the lyceum lecturer, and especially if he be an orator, who does not regard the opportunities of the platform with reverence, and with a spirit and determination to not only entertain, but to wisely instruct, inspire and bless all who hear him. To this end, one needs much right preparation, and much prayerful self-examination. To do good, and fear not, should be the paramount aim of every lecturer. This implies, and requires honesty with tact; the "all things to all men" of Saint Paul. This requires too, right thinking, and above all right living, if the lecturer is to continue a permanent force. There must be a MAN behind the words spoken. It is not enough to be an editor, a writer, a lawyer, a discoverer—the speaker must be

a MAN, while he is an orator. The common people will respect and keep in sweet remembrance the MAN, whatever else he may be.

I am just sufficiently old-fashioned to insist, that after all, the true definition of that eloquence which dieth not, is CHARACTER, and not REPUTATION. The high and sublime purposes of men; the good in them, the truth, the word which by its sweet and faithful utterance moves hearts, with heads, in ways of right, 'til right shall be adamant, are the essentials of character. Reputation is too often a fiction —a thing half rags and half rainbows. Character is a fact. It is one of the Eternal Verities. Lecturers thus equipped are evangels of beauty and of blessing.

I doubt if the pages of biography can muster a better showing of manly men, men whose lives will bear the search-light of the sun, than the Lyceum Platform of to-day. Personally, I know of no name whose purpose or work is not high. Many known to me are men with a mission, and that mission is evident, not only in words spoken, but in acts performed. Many indeed are lovable souls. George MacDonald once said, "If I can put the touch of the sunrise into any man or woman, I shall know that I have been working with God!" MacDonald must have had some knowledge of Willitts, our "Apostle of Sunshine," when he said that. A leading physician of Marshalltown, Ia., after hearing DeMotte's "Harp of the Senses," the soul of which is that "thoughts are deeds and may become crimes," said, "I will buy fifty dollars' worth of tickets and give them to young men of my acquaintance, if that lecture can be repeated

here." How the moral "back-bone" of a community stiffens with the steel of righteousness and courage, after Thomas Dixon has appeared in it! What a wonderful man he is! Whenever I see him, I think of the corn of Kansas, the tasseled tops of which are sixteen feet above the soil in which it grows. This man is fully six and one-half feet in height, straight as an Indian, thin as a lightning-rod, with hair of the hue of the raven, and eyes with the glint of midnight stars. He is a miracle of nervous energy. He is unharnessed speed personified. When he speaks, you think of a limited train going a mile a minute,—only this human train is limited to two stops,—the start and the finish. One wonders if he breathes at all during the two hours of his effort, or if it is all done on the one long breath he drew before he began. His words fall like snow-flakes in a high wind. He sweeps on like the Bedouin lover on his "stallion shod with fire." He tells us about the iron-willed men of the world whose back-bones were of moral steel. He tells us that the thing needed to-day is courage of conviction and courage of action. He is on the hunt for strong men and he rides fast and far. To this man, sin is a mad dog loose in the streets, and he fears not to take him by the throat.

I heard an infidel say after listening to Thomas Dinsmore's "Wonderful Structure," that splendid presentation of the mechanism and moral place of man in the universe: "I have found my lost faith again." I know a soldier of the Northern army, of the blue, who left a leg at Gettysburg, who said, "I thank God that I have lived to hear that loving peace-

maker from Georgia, John B. Gordon. We are brothers after all!" Would you know of what stuff martyrs are fashioned? You should hear William Crawford tell of Huss and Wycliff, or Gunsaullus of Savonarola. Would you set your heart in tune and time of melodies of human freedom, you should listen to Dolliver of Iowa, that eloquent man and genial spirit.

There is a man of Philadelphia whose place and influence upon the platform are of uncommon strength. His figure, his words, his thought and delivery are incarnate with power. Physically, he is tall, spare, but compactly knit. His face is one of great earnestness, yet kindly withal. He speaks forcibly, yet at first with something of indifference. For ten or fifteen minutes, the listener experiences a feeling of disappointment. He labors under the mistaken impression that he is not going to hear much. He is sure the lecturer has been over-rated. Some years ago, I heard Matthew Simpson, perhaps the greatest Methodist orator since Whitefield. He began in a slovenly fashion. A man in front of me said to his neighbor: "He can't lecture; let's go." "Wait awhile," replied the other." In a half hour, the doubting Thomas was on his feet, and when Simpson concluded, the man almost ran toward the platform, leaped upon it, seized the hand of the great speaker, and held it for some time, unable to say a word. There have been times when men have been moved like that by this man of Philadelphia. His lectures are replete with strong statements. The adamant of truth, however, lies under them. He bristles with facts. He compels his

hearers to feel within themselves the masterfulness which he possesses. When he speaks, we know that life is pregnant with opportunities, that even the poorest and humblest may be kings on the earth, if they will, and that the common folk of the world are often its grandest heroes. We ask about this man who has so moved and filled us with hope and courage, and we learn that he was born in an humble cottage; that he has fought his way to the front of the armies or mankind with weapons in the main of his own forging; when his country called to freedom's battle-field, he responded; when the news came that Spurgeon, the great Commoner of the Master, was dead, he wrote a life of him for the inspiration of the masses. Knowing the power of education to the poor, this man built a great college, and equipped it with masterly teachers and trainers, and for a beggar's pence of a price, has opened its doors to the humblest, if he be but pure and in earnest; he wished to draw the multitudes into the sweet and safe paths of righteousness, and he established a great church, where five thousand of the common people gather to listen and be made glad; when one learns all this and more, the secret is out. We know that here is a man for his "work's sake." He is Russell H. Conwell.

A personal contact with the lecturers of this time, be it but a passing touch by the way, often reveals much of kindliness, and of gentle grace and generosity. I was riding, a few years since, upon a train in Western Pennsylvania. At a station, a broadly-fashioned man, with a radiant face came into the car where I sat, looked me over, smiled, opened his satchel,

took out a book and wrote something on the fly-leaf with a pencil, and handed it to me saying, "You ought to have this book; they tell me everywhere of your tender stories of children; you will like this book." It was called "The Knighting of the Twins." I read upon the fly-leaf these words, "To my friend Dr. Hedley, with the best wishes of DeWitt Miller." I had never seen him before. He is the omniscient one, this DeWitt Miller.

The influence of such souls as these can but benefit and inspire, and that without limit. That men such as these have a deep and earnest sense of the grave responsibility which attaches to the life and work of the lecturer is unquestioned. Through storm and shine, at night and by day, by rail and river, these men with messages go forth, and with much of heroic sacrifice, often speak words of comfort, of instruction, of inspiration, and the millions of the common people hear them gladly. They are MEN as well as lecturers. That I am one with them, and of them is the supreme joy of my life. The way has been long and hard, but I have found my "philosopher's stone." Relatives of my own blood and kinship have often discouraged me in years gone by, with words of doubt and carping criticism. The words of sacred writ are still true; "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in HIS OWN HOUSE." In the house of my present blest abode, every inmate believes in me and my work; would that all men might have the service and the strength of such faith and such cheer. I have tried to answer the questions so often put to me, and with which I began this sketch:

"How did you get on the Lyceum Platform? What is the secret of your success? How can I get there, and how can I succeed?" I can best close with the following lines from the pen of Samuel Kiser, the genial humorist of whom the world will hear much anon:

"He struggled along for years,
    On a rough and a lonesome road—
In days that were fair,
And through mazes of care,
    He patiently carried his load.

And oft, as he journeyed along,
    Dull aches crept into his heart,
And he doubted and wondered if, after all,
    He had not mistaken his part.

Would the dreams he had dreamed come true?
    Or must he sink down some day,
Looking back on the past,
And knowing at last,
    That he had mistaken his way?

But he manfully struggled along
    In soul-chilling weather and fair;
Till friends of his youth began seeking him out—
    And he knew he was getting there!

Afton Place, Cleveland, O.
    June, 1901.

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RESIDENCE
OF
DR. HEDLEY

"In the childhood
of the year,
When the heart
is young."

You may not live in a palace, with polished floors, shining walls, and marble halls; better you do not, least these things, and not the hearts in it be your idols; it may be that the place of your abiding is simple and the splendor of its architecture only that which the deft fingers of Nature may fashion—columns of clematis in purple and white, and capitals of roses in scarlet and gold—but if love be in it, and faith, and truth; if husband be honored, wife cherished, and children led in ways of righteousness, you have a home indeed, "a mansion not made with hands," and riches and honor and happiness unspeakable are there.

THE

SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

PREFATORY NOTE.

During the past twenty years, "The Sunny Side of Life" has been delivered in all parts of America from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and has been listened to by more than a half million of people. Its reception everywhere has been most enthusiastic. It has cheered many sad hearts and strengthened many fainting souls. Its mission has been that of a messenger of hope, contentment, courage and joy to the common people. In compliance with hundreds of requests spoken and written, it is now printed for the first time that it may be given an enduring place in the literature of our country when my presence shall be missed, and my voice shall be called to join the "choir invisible" in the land of fadeless sunshine.

JAMES HEDLEY.

Cleveland, O., "Month of Roses," 1901.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

Happiness is purely and wholly a personal condition —a state of the mind, the heart and the conscience. It is not depenaent upon surroundings; no matter how the wand of prosperity's wizard may have touched them into comfort and beauty, or the pencil of nature may have sketched into the landscape and the sky their glory and light. Happiness is in nothing objective, but in everything subjective; it is within us, not without us.

While walking through a splendid avenue in a beautiful city, I once heard a silly, empty-faced chattering girl say to another, as they approached a magnificent house of granite, where dwelt a millionaire, "O ain't that just perfectly lovely! If I only had a rich husband, and lived in a house like that, you just bet I'd be happy. O dear, O dear!"

The girl was mistaken. The dissatisfied, complaining sigh at the end of her remark proved that she was wrong. Her empty, cheerless countenance indicated the possession of but little capacity for happiness under any circumstances, unless it might be a sort of animal content such as a kitten manifests, when in the quiet twilight of the evening it croons a droning vesper when curled up on a rug before the fire.

I know the history of that granite house. Its lord and master, in the city, is the king of business. He

holds in the hollow of his hand the financial standing and the welfare of a thousand souls. Should he turn his hand over, there would be dire dismay, ruin and death. He is a coarse, selfish, grasping, grinding "Scrooge" of a man—a deist, whose one god is money —a fellow with a faith—twenty per cent. and good security. An observer of human nature, skilled in the reading of faces, may see in his eyes the reflected shining of the tears of widows; may trace upon his thin hard lips the record of his oft-repeated *"No!"* when poverty hath cried, and unwise investment begged for just a little time. He loves nobody. He is in sympathy with nothing noble. With his wife, he has not spoken for years. His son, a vagabond, he long since kicked into the street. His daughter eloped with the proverbial coachman—she preferred Heaven with the coachman, to the other place with her father. He mutters "dollars and per cent." as he slouches along the streets. His hair is white. His step is slow. His days are in the shadow. His nights are filled with spectres. He is miserable. The wrinkled face of a certain old sexton puckers into a grin of glee whenever he meets him, and he chuckles to himself, "Just a little longer, and I'll get you!"

The girl was mistaken. There is no happiness in that granite house. Ah! but things might be different were she installed as its mistress. I doubt it. I find it to be a fixed law of character, that the covetous are always discontented. If today is not sufficient, tomorrow will not be. Complaining lips are the slaves of a complaining nature. The organization is bad, and unless by the exercise of the will the mind be developed

into fixed habits of patience and cheerfulness, a thousand palaces of granite cannot eliminate the soul's wretchedness and complaining. Covetousness is not content with any acquirement; it cannot be happy in any circumstance.

Happiness is not in the world—it is in the heart—for the human heart, just like a garden, if it be properly cultured, will bring forth blossoms in abundance. Sow the seeds of cheerfulness and the flowers of joy will spring into life; neglect it, and the nettles of fretfulness and the weeds of misery will be the harvest. That spirit which constantly wants something else, and continually cries out against what it has, is like a bottomless pit—it cannot be filled. Happiness would be far more common if men and women were only possessed of sufficient common sense to know when they are satisfied.

An old-fashioned practical farmer put up a sign on his premises which read, "This farm of mine will be given to any man who can conscientiously say he is perfectly satisfied."

One day a man called and claimed the farm.

"You are perfectly satisfied?" inquired the farmer.

"I am," replied the man.

"Then what in the name of common sense do you want of my farm?"

Had he been given the farm he would have been no more satisfied than he was without it.

Too many of us are apt to imagine that he is the happier man who is in possession of the things which we lack and desire. We leave out of our calculations all the drawbacks and the counterbalancings, and for-

get that he whom we envy may be lacking in much which we possess, or may have some ghastly skeleton in his closet, or ghostly phantom flitting about his fire-side.

Little natures, selfish hearts, empty souls all wear the stamp of envy, while great natures, generous hearts, full souls, envy nothing. Envy is not far removed from malice, and malice is often the parent of murder. It is related of an Arabian King that when his architect had finished for him a structure of magnificence and beauty, he ordered him to be dashed to pieces from the top of its tallest tower, for fear he might build a palace of superior splendor for some rival King!

Splendid architecture, great wealth, physical beauty, and all the pastimes and entertainments of the most expensive art can do nothing but create envy's craving and the bitterest dissatisfaction, unless the halls of the heart echo with contentment's minstrelsy, and the floors ring with the tuneful steps of the soul's glad dancers.

There is a belief in the minds of many that possibly under some other sky, or in the midst of other scenes, or with some other people, happiness may be found. Like the old lady who sought her spectacles, while all the time they rested just above her brow, they go about seeking for that which is very near at hand. Far away, somewhere, beyond the shadowed hills of the life that now is, the gleam of the sunshine must be brighter! Somewhere there is a Utopian land, a Brook Farm, on a new Atlantis where all things are carried out on some lofty perfect plan,—some high-plane transcendental system—where we poor mortals can eat

more, and sleep longer, and be dressed up all the time, and ride in golden chariots, and have less stingy husbands and more beautiful wives; some wonderful land where babies never cry, where meals need no cooking, and where dishes wash themselves; some wonderful Land where people always tell the truth, where debts need no paying, and where the milkmen do not skim the milk on the top, and then turn it over and skim it on the bottom! There must be some such wonderful Land where the weary soul can be satisfied and find rest!

Bless your good hearts, if the nature is such that present conditions and surroundings afford no gladness, happiness cannot be gathered from any circumstance of time, place or condition. We should not forget that the world is full of balancing and compensations, and that all the joys of life at best are only relative, comparative.

Saadi, the tender Persian poet, whose words breathe a wisdom and a kindly comfort as sweet and almost as true as a bit of Divine inspiration itself, tells us that but once in his life did he complain of his condition—when his feet were naked, and he had not the money with which to buy shoes—but that meeting a man without feet, he was ashamed of his discontent and determined never again to complain.

Thousands every year rush across the sea to Europe. What for? In search of happiness, they tell us, pleasure and the beautiful—heedless of the fact that if there be but joy within, then is there joy at home, and that in this marvellous America, the sky, painted by the brush of God, is just as blue; the fields, daisy-starred,

are just as green, while the glad canticle sung by the choir of Niagara's voices, and the rhythmic tinkle of Minnehaha's laughter are nowhere equaled across the sea!

The measure and limit of gladness is in one's own nature, and not in one's opportunities or means, but wholly and only in one's nature. A travelling Irishman who had gone the whole round of the Continent was returning home satiated with having seen nothing, when in a field by the roadside he saw a fight. He promptly stopped his carriage, hastened at once to the scene of action, and without one question as to the cause at issue took sides, received his due amount of blood and bruises, and hobbled back to the carriage, exclaiming, "Be jabers, that's the first bit of rale downright happiness I have had since I wint away from home!" Everything depends upon one's nature.

The needed helps toward happiness are very few. The rich man possesses no great advantage over the poor man, for after all, wealth is not happiness. Kings live not so much in the sunshine as do the common people. History affords no instance of a crown or a scepter that were not golden fetters and glaring miseries. If the elements, the attributes, the principles of happiness be not within a man, earthly grandeur and royal station can no more let the sunshine into his soul than they can add one cubit to his stature.

At the outset of life, we all may give this problem of joy a perfect solution by accepting and acting upon the words of the poet Young:

> "None are unhappy, all have cause to smile,
> But such as to themselves that cause deny."

There is a silver lining to every cloud, but only for those who will look for it. The truest happiness is that of sweet Christian philosophy which wants but little and having little, can thank God for it, and get along with less. The power and majesty of human character consist not so much in the ability, for then we deserve no credit, but in the willingness to try and look on the sunny side of things. The great Dr. Johnson once said: "The habit of looking at the bright side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year." Bishop Hall beautifully, truthfully and quaintly remarked, "For every bad there might be a worse; if a man breaks his leg he ought to thank God it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, he exclaimed, "I enjoy the splendor of the conflagration, and I thank the Good Father it is not the cottage of some poor man!" If there is shadow on the left hand, turn from it—on the right hand lies the sunshine. It was a German store-keeper who said: "The first night vot I open my shtore I count my money, and find him not right; the next night I count him again, and tere be tree tollars gone; vot you tink I do then, hey? You bet I fix him—I do not count him any more, and he vos just come out right ever since!" I like the spirit of that chap who, when hungry, sold his coat for a loaf of bread, and when a dog snatched the bread and ran away with it, exclaimed: "Thank Heaven, I still have my appetite left!" Misfortune is brimful of pleasure; it simply wants fishing out. One of the most delightful examples of a man's determination to look on the bright side of an unfortunate affair was in the instance of a

German soldier, who laughed tremendously all the time he was being flogged, and when at the end of the flogging the officer inquired the cause of his mirth, broke out into a fresh fit of laughter. "Ha! ha! ha! Goodness gracious! You've been lickin te wrong man!"

How grandly Beethoven, the world's master spirit of music, rose above the trials and afflictions of his life into the realms of joy and melody! When we think of the sad privations of Beethoven's physical and affectional nature, it becomes a matter for which, with him, we too should rejoice, while we marvel at the genius and the joy of his soul whose creations have lifted and still lift enraptured thousands to Heaven. The most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most original of his creations were produced when his physical ear had been almost wholly paralyzed; still, through the sounding aisles of his soul, swept in tuneful grandeur the waves of melody's ocean! On the occasion of his last public appearance at a festival in his honor, during the performance of his more than matchless Ninth Symphony, he sat with his back to the great audience, unconscious of the applause that, like a tropic whirlwind, swept through the theater. As deaf and unmoved as a stone, he sat in the midst of shouts of thunder! A friend, who loved him, touched him, and signalled that he should turn and witness the enthusiasm of the multitude his music had thrilled. He turned—his face, hitherto white and expressionless as a marble image in the blackness of night, lighted with a beauty that only joy can illuminate—the floodgates of joy were opened wide, and the soul of the

Master rose to the summit of ecstacy's Mount of Transfiguration!

See where he sits, the lordly man,
  The giant in his singing;
Who sang of love, although for him,
  No lover's bells were ringing!
The man who struck such golden chords,
  As made the world in wonder,
Acknowledge him, though poor and dim,
  The mouth-piece of the thunder!

He heard the music of the skies,
  What time his heart was breaking;
He sang the songs of Paradise
  Where love has no forsaking—
And though so deaf, he could not hear
  The tempest's thunder-token,
He made the music of his soul
  The grandest ever spoken!

Duty demands that we direct our steps down the paths where the sunshine falls. The best good of society depends upon the individual's personal efforts toward righteous pleasure, for righteous pleasure is the only good. "Rejoice and be exceeding glad" is a Divine Command, and they who shun the sweet smiles of life, and turn a deaf ear to the music of honest laughter, are not only disobedient children of the Infinite One, but are guilty, sometimes, of the crimes of disturbing sanity's balance, and of spiritual and affectional suicide and murder. Laughter is often God's guarantee against insanity; it is the balance-wheel in our metaphysical, our psychological structures. Men who do not laugh are not only sad men,

but often bad men, and they have been mad men. Long-continued mental depression must produce something of brutality and crime.

You remember doubtless that Frederick, the father of Frederick the Great of Prussia, was a willing slave to the most depressing fits of melancholy, insomuch so that his entire nature, once joyous, hopeful and kindly, became brutally morose and cruel. He treated his children with the grossest cruelty, compelled them to eat the most disgusting food and crowned this brutality by spitting into it.

It matters not as to crowns and kingships and all the gems and baubles time may give, unless inside the halls of the heart there be the music of sweet contentment's song, and up and down the corridors of the conscience the joy-bells of honor, of righteousness and love ring out a glad jubilee, life can have no sunny side.

Wealth, art, song, eloquence, music, beauty and even the brightest wit itself—none of these things can give to us aught of true gladness, unless the mind, the heart and the conscience be kindly and unselfish, pure and fair.

Nowhere in literature may we find a more brilliant example of wit than Jonathan Swift, and yet what a wretched life was his; how miserable his whole existence. The nature of a wit is seldom happy. We are too apt to confound wit with humor. They are very different qualities. Wit comes out of the head; humor is of the heart. Wit may be smooth and beautiful, but its beauty is like that of the lightning—its edge is like to that of a sword of Damascus. It cuts and

maims, it bruises and severs. It leaves a wound behind it. The wit never makes a friend. He makes sport at somebody's expense, and his mission seems to be to hurt somebody's feelings.

One, Mike, an Irishman, said to another:

"Pat, how long can a gander stand on one leg?"

"Oh! git out wid ye—get up yersilf and find out!" replied Pat.

That was a witty answer, but Mike did not like Pat quite so well after that. He had hurt his feelings and lost something of his friendship.

A certain young lady who had enjoyed about forty magnificent summers and as many beautiful winters, was entertaining one night at her father's home a young man friend. Incidentally while chatting with the young man, she mentioned the fact of its being her birthday, and added: "I have here a beautiful book of poems which my papa gave me this morning as a birthday remembrance. I have such a dear good papa, he always gives me a book on my birthday." The young man replied: "What a splendid library you must have by this time!" That, too, was wit, but the young lady did not love the young man quite so much after that observation.

If a young man would keep the heart of his best girl as his own heart, he must not be witty at his best girl's expense. Wit cannot keep love long.

Humor is not like that. It is kindly and considerate. It never makes an enemy. The humorist would rather suffer himself than have any suffer because of him.

Of the humorists of our time, there is in my heart

a warm corner for that merry and sweetly tender soul, Robert J. Burdette. Sides have ached with laughter with him, but never a heart at any word of his. Eyes brighten at his coming, and white cheeks blossom into roses of red when he smiles.

Tom Hood, of England, was a humorist; you may read his every line, prose or poetic, and you shall not find a sting in one of them. The heart which could conceive his immortal "Song of the Shirt," the poem which opened wide the dismal windows of a hundred thousand garrets, that the eyes of truth, of pity and of love might look in, must have been one of unspeakable tenderness. His was the heart of a humorist, because it was a heart of love.

The humorist is never a pessimist, never a complainer; he will suffer uncomplainingly, and smile in the face of death itself.

It is related of the colonel of a certain New York regiment that while passing over the battlefield of Gettysburg, finding here and there some broken boy, now and then binding up a gaping, bleeding wound, he came upon a lad from his own command. He had been shot, and a great ragged hole was torn in the side of his face. Bending low above him, the colonel said: "My God, Jack, how you must suffer! I heard you was hurt, lad; I've been trying for an hour to find you, and have passed this way a dozen times. You must have seen me. Why didn't you call out to your old colonel, who loves you, Jack? I have a bandage and a canteen of water for you, my boy. Why didn't you speak to me, Jack?" Jack was the humorist of the regiment. He never hurt a heart by any word of

his however merry it may have been. Everybody loved him. Looking up into the eyes of his colonel, he said: "That's all right, old fellow. God bless you. I wanted the bandage and the water bad enough, but I couldn't ask you for them—why, you dear old fellow, I couldn't—look at me—I couldn't—I didn't have the cheek!"

Even with the hand of death upon him, he would not hurt the heart of the old colonel who loved him, with one word of complaint. Jack was a humorist.

Was Jonathan Swift, the prince of the wits of the world, like unto that in spirit? Someone said to him, "How shall we stop this terrible Irish famine?" "Easy enough," he replied; "kill the babies of the poor, boil them, and when they are well done, feed them to the rich!"

That was a witty answer, but a brutal answer, and no remedy for Ireland's hunger and heartache and tears.

I like to lay down just here a little maxim after my simple fashion: "We may not be happy within from without, unless we are first happy without from within." It is all a within condition, and only from pure contented and loving within conditions of mind and heart and conscience may happiness come, or laughter to your lips or mine—laughter that shall be worth anything—helpful, honest, uplifting laughter. Such is the only laughter to encourage, to permit. Did you ever stop to think that very much of your character is revealed in your laughter? At what sort of things do you laugh with pleasure? Are you willing to tell all your stories of mirth at night at your mother's knee?

Are you willing that your chaste wife or your sweetheart should join with you while you tell or listen to stories told—told for the sake of laughter! "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Out of the measure of the heart the lips and tongue ripple forth a tribute to that which is healthful and clean and holy, or that which shall disease and smirch and profane.

Forget not that the ear of God is listening to your laughter and mine, and that only the laughter which bubbles from a clean heart's fountain is fit for the hearing of Him who is all purity. I believe in clean and honest laughter. Let it sound. Let it ring till the hills of Heaven sing back an answering echo.

Mothers, in your homes, stay not the children's laughter. When the soft shadows of evening fall like curtains about the house, and blue-eyed Bessie with eyes like Southern violets and hair in which the sunlight smiles, sits on this side the firelight, and black-eyed Tom, the wee Gypsey rascal, sits on that side, while they build the fairy castles of the fabric of their fancies and shout with laughter till the little room rings with music sweeter than the airs of Bellini, do you love them—let it sound! Stay not that music. In after years, when the battle of life has grown fast and furious, and Tom and Bessie, man and woman grown, pause on the hill-tops weary and almost hopeless, the memory of that evening time, of that laughter and your smiles will give them hope and courage to cheerily and bravely fight again and again the conflict of living till the coming of that Morning whose victory is all glory and whose dawning is peace.

I am not in sympathy with the doleful side of things. I cannot learn to love the croaker—the man who hates beauty, sneers at cheerfulness, mocks at bright colors, glad surroundings and handsome garments, and gives this dear old world to understand that he is not of it; and so in word and look and dress is a veritable epitome of melancholy, who sits apart like some Sir John Dismal, Knight of the Rueful Countenance. In all the realms of healthful, beautiful nature, you may not find one example upon which to base joyless asceticism The square-cut coat, straight vest and coal-scuttle bonnet of the sneerer at the beautiful were never made from any pattern in sweet Nature's book of fashion-plates. To my mind Nature is the true founder and model of fashion—the fashion of loveliness—and the mightiest and tiniest of her creations bear the stamp of her beautiful fashion. We may curl and crimp forever, and why should we not? I would not give a cent for my wife's hair if she did not crimp it—it is crimpable hair—and yet the dainty crimping on the edges of a fern-leaf done in Nature's fashion defies all our imitation. We wear pretty stars in our hair, and why should we not? Yet each day in the summer we may trample down a millicn stars infinitely prettier when we tread on the daisies of yonder field. We coil beautiful tendrils with consummate skill about our bonnets, and there is no wise reason why we should not; but look you, down the face of yonder granite rock trails a floss-like moss with fairy leaves of purple and green and gold, whose exquisite grace and dainty loveliness put all our imitative arts to shame. I like fashion. I believe in the mission of the beau-

tiful. It breeds excellent conduct and compels good behavior. As a rule better manners walk beneath a decent hat, however modest the material, than under a dirty, greasy old "slouch" with a hole in it.

When we go out to spend a pleasant well-conducted evening, we dress fittingly for the occasion, and we behave with accompanying consistent decorum, because we have done so. There is a close connection between clothes and conduct, between dress and deportment. There is in my neighborhood a woman who, when she has on her slatternly garments is a gossipy, slanderous, scandalous, mischief-brewing creature, but when she puts on her fair and well-to-look-on clothing, behaves herself with admirable care and grace—she does not want to disgrace her clothes. Cleanliness, not only of the skin, but of the garments, is next to godliness as a rule. It is hard for a man to be godly while he is dirty. No man can be a decent or desirable church-member who wears a dirty shirt four consecutive Sundays. The best work done by the Young Men's Christian Association is done in the bath-tub. Without frequent washing there will be no abiding worship. Christianity in a large measure depends for its continuance upon water and soap. Helps toward righteousness are to be had in the drug stores—perfumed helps—in the form of scented soaps at five cents a bar. May I commend the mission of the beautiful, the gospel of the cleanly, and the inspiration toward seemly behavior to be found in right fashion? Happiness is the frequent outcome of these things. My dear girl friend, if you look well with a rose in your hair, wear it. If you like the flashing of a gem upon your finger,

and you can afford it, put it on. If you believe you would be happy in a red dress, trimmed with yellow and blue and green, get into it. You have a right to these things, providing the mind be not neglected and the morals soiled to get them. Let the natural connection between the outward garniture and the inward grace be maintained. The being within should hold hard the hand of the seeming without, so shall the two walk in the way of the Ever-Beautiful, where the sweep of the soul's sunlight falls. It should not be forgotten that the "red fisherman" still angles for the daughters of Eve, and many a soul does he catch with his bait of finery. If ever there cometh an hour when a trinket, or a dress may be obtained at the cost of character, and you wish to keep as your portion the sunny side of life, let the dress and the trinket go—keep your character. Holiness is better than a hat. The fashion of the beautiful is a good thing, but we may make it a vile thing—we may make anything a vile thing. Men have served the devil before now, and have justified the service with a Bible text. Women have gone the way of the wayward, with the pew of a church as the starting point. The influence of Christ's presence on earth was good, but it did nothing for Judas. The trouble was not with Christ, however, but with Judas.

Be not tempted—tempt not your friend. Be your brother's guide, your sister's keeper.

A certain young woman said, "I found my laces and jewels were dragging me down to hell, so I gave them all to my sister!" She had forgotten something. She had lost sight of the fact that they are the hap-

piest souls who, while determined to walk in the ways of righteousness, are willing to lead others with them. Let us be fair and gracious one toward another. Let us help one another. There is not a man in all the world, however humble and lowly he may be, but may do some good, if he is only willing to try. He may make some pathway smoother, some sky brighter; he may bring the roses back to white cheeks again, and attune the broken voices of the sorrowing to laughter's key—he may do this if he is willing to try. It is again a within condition. He may fail in the trying, he may blunder; it matters not—the one thing needed is the right spirit, the willingness from within to try. He may blunder a thousand times, and we shall laugh not at him, but with him, and happiness shall come because of the blunder and the laughter.

A good-hearted, red-headed, rosy-cheeked, bay-windowed Irishman, innocent of the world, its fashions and its fads, was walking upon one occasion down Holborn street, London. Just in front of him marched with stately grace an elegantly attired lady. She had on a gorgeous cloak. Hanging below her cloak, he noticed two broad bands of ribbon. He did not know what they were for. He had never perused the "Delineator," or the "Mode" and therein ascertained that such "contraptions" were called "sashes" and were for ornament and not for use. To him, they were unattached straps, out of place and service and threatening imminent disorder and disaster. Stepping up to the lady, he lifted his ragged cap with the grace of a true gentleman, and said: "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but your galluses is untied!" He thought he saw dan-

ger, and it must not come if he could help it. He had blundered, but his heart was in the right place.

There is not a woman in all the world, however humble and lowly she may be, but may do some good, be it no more than to hush to sleep some tired mother's crying baby. Some years since, while on my way to a Florida Chautauqua, there chanced to be in the car with me a tired, sad-looking woman. She had a babe in her lap, a fragile blossom of a thing. She was going to the sunny Southern country, hoping that the balmy breath of that sweet Southland might bring back the suffering little one's health and strength again. In pain, the baby moaned and fretted well nigh the whole journey through. It's cries annoyed a certain masculine passenger at one end of the car. He was a thick-necked, big-jawed, slouchy-lipped, pug-nosed, little-eyed, low-browed, flat-top-headed man. Such men seldom love babies. They love bull dogs better, and generally own two or three. Several times this man blurted out what you might have expected of him: "Why don't somebody shut up that infernal young one?"

There was another woman in the car—another tired, troubled woman. She was in mourning. Lines of care were on her brow. You would have known whether you read hearts in faces or not, that many a time and oft she had drunk salt tears from the rusted rim of the chalice of sorrow. These are the women who can appreciate and understand "heartbreak and crying" everywhere. This woman went to the first woman, and said, "I beg your pardon; I do not know you—that is, I am a stranger to you, but you look so

tired. Will you let me take your baby?" She tenderly took the tiny sufferer. She walked the car with it. She crooned lullaby songs to it—songs she had heard in her childhood, at the twilight hour. The baby began to look at her. Soon it smiled. Now it cooed soft murmurings sweeter than the music in the heart of a seashell. At last it slept, and by its smiling, we knew it dreamed beautiful dreams. The car was filled with sunshine.

This is the secret of happiness. It is the last "good-night" of the Master to men put into action, into service. "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another!"

Happiness never comes to the man who liveth to himself alone. Montaigne, the cynic, revealed his ignorance of the best of human kind when he said: "Man is like an ass going to market after a bundle of hay; all the ass sees is the hay." And again that "The best of life comes only to those who live to themselves alone." All of the best and brightest of nature and of life is an undying refutation of such cynicism. Every summer night-wind that with the gentlest touch rocks the nodding flowers to sleep; every dewdrop kissing back to conscious life the panting mosses fainting in the roadside dust; every rain-drop that falls to swell the river's triumphant march to the sea; every sunbeam that tints the earth and sky with green and crimson and gold, and every carrier of a cross, whether in the trenches of toil, or upon Calvary, speak the universal, eternal words "No man liveth to himself alone!"

Sometimes Sir John Dismal goes to church. He ought to go. He ought to go anywhere if there be a

chance to find a little honest gladness. He goes to church on God's glad day, groaning to worship (?) a cheerful Creator, a Creator who smiled when the work of making the world was done, who smiled and called it good. He sneaks down the aisle and slinks into his pew as if ashamed to be seen at the transaction. His face is so long you might wind it round a barrel and have an end left long enough with which to go a fishing in the Slough of Despond.

If he be a member of the church, he is a half-cent, skin-flint member. He believes in that gospel which the poor have preached to them, because it costs nothing. He is the fellow who gets up at the close of a revival and shouts, "Thank God, I've been a member of this dear old church forty years, and it never cost me a cent!" How the minister must feel—the tired, unappreciated, badly-paid minister. How much the average little minister has to bear!

It makes me happy to champion the little minister. I have no axe to grind, because I have no congregation to find fault with my words, and no board of trustees to call a meeting next Thursday night to consider my dismissal because something I said about temperance last Sunday morning did not suit one of them, who happens to be the man who pays the biggest pew rent and whose money came out of a "rum-shop" under the hill. No class of professional men do as much hard and commendable work as the little minister. He must prepare and deliver acceptably two original addresses each week. How many of us can do that? I cannot do it. I like a month to get ready. Give me a year and you shall have better service. Some

people have strange notions about the amount of time required to get ready for a creditable address. It was my pleasure years ago to travel forty miles to hear Wendell Phillips deliver his lecture, entitled, "The Lost Arts," that dose of medicine for our common American disease, egotism, egotism with braggadocia complications. At the close of that wonderful effort in which he moved the people as the wind of Kansas sweeps the grass, it was my fortune to be presented to him. Speaking for a company of young men with more or less ambition in the oratorical line, I said: "Pardon me, sir, but how long did it take you to prepare the lecture to which we have listened tonight?" "Up to tonight, young gentlemen," he replied, "it has taken me twenty-six years!"

After hearing George Whitefield preach the same sermon for the fortieth time, Benjamin Franklin said: "I never heard that sermon before, for he delivered it as might an inspired Arch-angel!" The little minister does well twice a week. He must be in very close sympathy with the Divine teacher to do that. He must be a harp, the strings of which are touched by angel hands. The dear little minister. And yet he is human. He has a back to cover, a stomach to fill, a mind to feed, a wife and children to care for, and a hundred things to do which cost money, and in return for his work, his wonderful work, what of financial compensation gets he? A thousand dollars a year and a donation. You know what a donation is, because you have attended them. A donation is an occasion upon which the numerous members and friends of the church gather at the parsonage with gifts of slippers

and doilies and remain long enough to eat up all the little minister has in the house.

I remember a certain Presbyterian brother, and he might have been Methodist—there are some awfully mean men in the Methodist church—I know, because for the most part of my life I have been a Methodist—but he happened to be a Presbyterian. I have no desire to discriminate in the matter of creeds. One creed to me is as good as another, if Christ be in the heart of it. There are a great many different Christian railroads, and they all run to the same Celestial Union Depot. We cannot all have the same creed, any more than we can all love and marry the same sweetheart. Our tastes and needs and views differ. Some of us in our religious choosing are what we are because of temperament; some because of education or example or precedent; some would not if they could, depart from the faith of childhood, when at mother's knee infant lips learned to lisp "Our Father." Today, because of my love of and desire to please a good woman I am riding on the Congregational railroad train, and yet because of my childhood and my mother's knee, I love best the Methodist route to God's Union Depot. The Methodist train is an accommodation train. It is the only train I know of that will back up and let a man get on again when he falls off. That is why I like it. But I started out with the story of a Presbyterian little minister. He labored faithfully for a certain congregation for seven years for a beggarly financial compensation. At the end of the seven years the trustees called on him and told him they decided to give him fifty dollars more each year. They were

astonished when the good brother declined to accept it.

"You don't mean to say you won't accept another fifty dollars." "Brethren," replied the little minister, "on conscientious grounds I must decline it; it takes all the time I can spare to go round and collect the money you say you pay me now, and if I have got to go about hunting an additional fifty dollars, I shall not have time to prepare for preaching, or anything else!"

The Sir John Dismals of the church forget the promise, "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall himself be watered," and that too with divine dews from the sky of Paradise.

May we all not do something more toward leading the little ministers in the ways of the sunny side of life.

The Sir John Dismals of the world as a rule are unloving and loveless. John Dismal seldom or ever falls in love. He never *falls* in any way. He would not be so undignified and ungraceful, so precipitous, so exuberant and spontaneous as to fall in. That may do for youth, but he knows nothing of youth, however few his years may be. If by any chance of fate there comes to him an opportunity for love, he does not fall in, he deliberately and gravely walks in. With him, it is a matter of cautious conservatism and calculation. He surveys and sums up the points of his prospective bride as a jockey sums up the points of a colt he is about to purchase: "Good points, first-rate points, great width of shoulders and depth of chest—nothing evidently in the way of a consumptive tendency; head well-poised—seems to possess considerable dignity; face fairly intelligent—not much danger of my being

made ashamed because of her ignorance; arms round and muscular—she can easily do a three weeks' washing; on the whole, quite a worthy creature—I will propose to her." He does.

"My dear young woman, I have very carefully and thoroughly taken into consideration all your several graces and advantages, and I find that I may safely say to you, will you unite your destiny with mine?" What a magnificent way to "pop!" Does love do things in that fashion? Love surely has something of warmth about it somewhere. How its eyes light! How its pulses thrill! How its words ring with eloquent fervor! Monarch, my own, my king, how noble! Is there a sunny-eyed, glad-hearted girl in all the world who could render a tribute like that to a calculating, frozen John Dismal who goes a-wooing after such a fashion? What sort of a woman could live her life out with that kind of a man? None, unless she be like him—hard, cold, wooden and frozen, with no colors in the rainbow of her hope to fade out to the blackness of the darkness of despair, and no roses in the garden of her heart to wither away to dust and ashes. If she be like him she may go on—she may endure—until some day the thread of her life snaps, and like a puppet in a pantomime, or a marionette in a mum-show, she stops.

The brightest, gladdest home experiences, the most delightfully beautiful fireside hours the heart can know, logically and naturally are the outcome, the sequence of sunny courtships, winsome smiles, tender words, unselfish offerings—of hands that give and take not. There are silences, sweet silences that speak vol-

umes of the language of the heart, and are as the singing of the choristers of Heaven, compared with which John Dismal's stilted, metallic words are all a discord and a jangle. Words are not always essential to the bliss of the happiest wooing.

Across the sea, in the land of the Shamrock and the four-leaved clover, a lover had passed some happy, swiftly-flying hours with his colleen. It had been a night of rapture. As he walked home to the little cot of his mother at the edge of the bog, the measure of his happiness was as the measure of the ocean. In the stars, he saw his colleen's eyes; in the moonlight, her smile, and in the red anemone of the fields, the ruby of her lips. In his hard bed of straw he dreamed of her, and his couch was soft, and his slumber sweet. In the morning, his face was radiant as he sat at his porridge and milk with his mother. Observing his smile, his mother said: "Ye must have seen Norah last night. What did she say to ye?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing, acushla! Did she have no words for ye —no welcome?"

"Words is it?" Niver a word—but *welcome*—indade an' she had that mother. She looked into me eyes; she held me by the hand; she laid her head upon me heart, and she kissed me and kissed me and kissed me. For four hours I was in Heaven—words would have spoiled it!"

In matters of the heart, honesty and frankness are essential to happiness. Honesty is the open door to the sunny experiences of life, especially along the matrimonial pathway.

Young man, be honest with your sweetheart; be frank and open, transparent as the day. Let her know just what you are. If there are mean things about you, tell her so. Let her know your faults. Do not pretend to what you have not. Do not deceive her. Do not lie to her. Do not let her wait till by sad experience she discovers how contemptibly little you are, and break her heart in the discovery. Be honest at the outset. It will be better so. When the great Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, then a beautiful widow of England, he was honest with her.

"Madam," he said, "I am nobody much. I have a little literary smattering, but really I am not much of a man. I have a villainous temper to begin with. I mean to try with your love and help to control it. I have no money; the Duke, I understand, told you that I was rich—he is mistaken; I am poor. My dear madam, I suppose you want to marry into a good family—I have some good relatives, but all are not good, and have not been good by a long shot—I remember one scalawag who was hanged!"

The good widow responded: "Like yourself, Doctor, I have but little or no money, and while I have had no relations hanged, I have fifty who deserve hanging!"

If in the time of courtship all were as honest as that, after experiences would show less of disappointment and sorrow.

In our liking and our loving, our friendships and courtships let us be earnest and honest, unselfish and simple and natural.

The love of the heart should be as the love of flow-

ers for the light—as the love of the morning-glory for the sunshine of the dawn. The simple, old-fashioned morning-glory! Cornet of the morning, trumpet of the dawn! Hark to the tiny notes that welcome the glad burst of the sunlight! Watch it playing peek-a-boo up yonder through the lattice, one moment as bold as the morning, the next as bashful as the twilight, but always yearning to nestle in the heart of the sunshine that twineth round its tendrils of green like gleaming skeins of the gold of a maiden's hair! What an honest, earnest blossom! Who does not love the simple, unassuming, back-yard flower of the kitchen porch, the sweet, old-fashioned morning-glory!

Let hearts be like that blossom—anywhere, everywhere, in high or low estate, in castle or cot, simple and honest and earnest—sometimes rude and crude, but genuine and natural, and worth more as an example to you and me than any of the fashionable, incincere courtships beneath the blaze of chandeliers in the drawing-rooms of so-called society.

Away down in Texas, a big-shouldered, double-fisted, red-headed lump of a fellow sat courting a blue-eyed, yellow-haired lass. He sat on one side of the room in a big oak rocking-chair, playing with a deer-hound that lay on the floor beside him. She sat on the other side of the room in a little oak rocking chair, stitching on a quilt—quite a gorgeous affair, which, because of the splendor of its pattern, she called the "Rose of Sharon." He tried to catch a fly that would light on the tip of "Cooney's" nose, but he said nothing. She stitched away on the stem of a "Rose of Sharon" and said nothing. Finally, she hitched her

chair over two or three feet and said: "What's your dog's name?" "Cooney." "What's he good for?" "Ketchin' possums." Then she stitched and stitched and stitched, and still the "Rose of Sharon" grew, but she said nothing.

Presently he hitched his chair over two or three feet and said: "I think I'd like to—to— is your ma raisin' many chickens?" "About forty."

Then she stitched and stitched, and still the "Rose of Sharon" grew, but she said nothing. At last he hitched his chair over two or three feet more, and she hitched hers again until the rockers got so mixed up that rocking became impossible.

After a long pause, during which he tried again and again to rid Cooney's nose of the fly, he said: "Do you love, do you love—love *cabbage?*"

"I'm awfully fond of cabbage."

Again she stitched and stitched, and still the "Rose of Sharon" grew, but she said nothing. He still struggled with the fly. Finally, he almost shouted, "I've a good notion to pinch you!"

"What you a good notion to pinch me for?"

" 'Cause you won't have me, that's why."

" 'Cause you ain't axed me, that's why."

"Then I axes you."

"Then you has me!"

Cooney, the dog, stirred in his sleep, dreaming some one had whistled for him, but he was mistaken, the sound he heard was something else.

Seriously, life without honest, earnest, simple natural loving has no sunny side. It may hang like a solitary leaf upon poverty's tree, but neither time

nor storm shall fade it. Friends may vanish like snow-flakes on the bosom of a river, still love shall remain sweet to the last.

The roses may fade from your bonny old sweet-heart's cheeks, still to love's eye her wrinkled brow and whitened hair are always beautiful.

His hair is white with frosts of years,
  Her feeble steps are slow,
His eyes no longer brightly shine,
  Her cheeks no longer glow;
Her hair has lost its sheen of gold,
  His voice its joyous thrill,
And yet though faded, gray and old
  They're loving sweethearts still.

Can you find aught of the sunny side of life among the affectations, dissipations and shams of fashionable society? There are so many thorns mixed with its roses that but few can hope to escape the lacerations of its sorrow and pain. Under the flare of gilded chan-deliers in many a parlor, if you do but listen close, you may hear the snapping of heart-strings mingling with the light step of the dancer's feet and the volup-tuous swell of the music. Affectation, dissipation and sham can provide nothing of the sunny side of life I recall quite a fashionable gathering. The *elite* were out in full force. The scene was one of fascinating splendor. A hundred lights blazed with the sheen of the sun. A hundred beautiful women—beautiful as the world of fashion goes—moved here and there with exquisite grace. Eyes flashed brilliant lights, out-vie-ing with their splendid brightness the scintillant dia-monds gleaming upon snowy arms. Beautiful hair,

brown and black and golden; soft white hands; sensuous music; flowers of rarest loveliness; it was a carnival night and the goddess of pleasure was queen. In a corner sat a plain pale-faced woman clad in some sort of simple brown material; about her neck, a bit of lace; in her hair a real rose from a garden; beyond these nothing of ornamentation about her, but her face was noble in its thoughtful power. Her broad forehead betokened a mind of strength. In her great, full black eyes shone the fire of passionate ambition. Her Roman nose told of the determination of a conqueror. Her warm, red lips spoke of the tenderness of her heart. Her square, massive chin was a revelation of a will invincible. She had climbed the heights of life oft with torn hands and bleeding feet, and had reached the sun-kissed summit, and was one of the first instructors in the schools of the nation. Her name was known to all that tinseled throng, had it been spoken; her face to but few—she did not train in that set. She had asked of the hostess of the gathering the privilege of an entrance with the reason reserved. She wished to gather knowledge of fashion's men and women in an hour of sham. The time was favorable. The gilded butterflies and tinseled drones began to fly and buzz about her. Miss Lillian Chatlove Tattlewit, whose gown was a symphony in green, the skirt a dream or a nightmare, and the waist a poem, an unfinished poem (but an emerald necklace filled up the break in the measure), said to Charles Addlepate Littlekin: "Charlie, do look there! Did you ever see such an old frump in your life? I wonder who her dressmaker is! I wonder where Mrs. Blowser ever

picked up such an ancient fossil as that! Take me away, or I shall faint."

During the course of the evening Miss Chatlove Tattlewit condescended to entertain the company with one of her finest vocal selections. For more than three years she had been a pupil of the great Madame Peepysqueak and was altogether the too utterly splendid soprano star of the season. Of course she did not sing without very much importuning. "Lillian, dear, will you not be kind enough to sing something?" "No, certainly not. I am out of practice. My notes are not here. And you know, Charlie, these people have no appreciation. I could never get into sympathy with this listless and vulgar crowd." "Do sing something for my sake," murmured Charlie, "just for me alone darling." "For your sake, Charlie? Could I refuse anything for your sake, Charlie?"

Miss Lillian Chatlove Tattlewit gracefully gathered her skirts, and coquettishly wiggle-waggled toward the Steinway-Grand; bestowed her drapery in classic folds about the stool; gazed into Charlie's eyes, who fondly bent above her, with an expression like to that of a dying duck in a thunderstorm; plunged into the keys until they had an epileptic fit; then she sang:

"Darling, kiss my eyelids down,
  Underneath the limpid moon;
With thy lips so soft and warm,
  In this dreamy, holy calm;
Come, my love, ere night has flown,
  Darling kiss my eyelids down!"

I should think Mozart would turn over in his grave and groan.

You shall find more honest happiness in many a cot, writ in the "simple annals" of the toiling poor than in such a palace of sham.

Old Sir John Sinclair, of England, once alighted from his coach at the door of a thatched cottage, and remained an hour talking with a lame, half-blind laborer who lived there alone. "Well, old man," said Sir John at parting, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nay, Sir John, nought can ye do for me. There is not a thing in all the langth and bradth o' the world that I want."

"Kate," called Sir John to his daughter, who was sketching a clump of buttercups near by. "Come here with your brushes and your canvas; it cost me much to make you an artist at London, and I have never asked you for a picture; sit down here and paint for me this old man and his cottage of thatch—it is the happiest spot in England!"

And why? Because a toiling old man had carried in and kept with him that pearl of great price, the jewel of contentment. The secret of the sunny side of life was long since given to men by Paul, the half-sick, half-deformed apostle when he said: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

No matter how these thoughts turn and turn, they cannot escape the first proposition of this theme. Happiness is within us, not without us. It is a condition of the mind, the heart and the conscience. Contentment and love and honesty are its fairies of good and of gladness. Happiness, too, depends upon trust, upon

faith—faith in each other, faith in tomorrow, faith in God. We need the faith of the old black mammy of Georgia, who said: "Lawd bless yer honey, my suff'-rins ain't nuffin'! Sometimes de Lawd whips us and sometimes he leaves us, jess ter see ef we won't work and try again—but Lawd bress yer, honey, when we gits tired all out an' cries like a little baby, He takes us up in His arms an' comforts us."

We need that attitude of the soul called faith. It is not possible to have happiness without faith. The man who doubts, distrusts, suspects, disbelieves, is never a happy man. The cynic, the pessimist, the iconoclast are the owls and bats of the night—their eyes never see the sun. It will not do to say that faith is but fit food for children and women; it is diet for strong men.

It makes a happy home possible, since we must have faith, we husbands and wives, we fathers and mothers in a hundred things we see not and never can prove. Faith is the foundation of most of the business, the commercial business of the world.

Some call it credit. I call it faith. What is credit in a man's business? "The substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." That is what faith is. Columbus had faith, and America was found. Stephenson had faith, and he put steam upon wheels. Morse had faith, though a Congress had not, and he bound up the whisper of the lightning in a bit of wire and sent it round the world in an intelligible language. Faith sent the first telegram—"See what God hath wrought!"

To look with the eye of faith upon the bright side

of things is a proof of greatness. Doubt and complaint are characteristic of littleness. John Dismal, a word with you: Wipe the gathered dust from the lenses of your spectacles of joy and faith, and look with unblurred vision upon the face of Nature, and you will see that every line and dimple, every glance and smile condemn in unmistakable terms all whining and sniveling, all cynicism and doubt. What sermons of faith are not preached in wood-cathedral and hill-top temple! How the winter trusts the spring, and the spring the summer! Today, the snow lies drifted; tomorrow, apple-blossoms, pink and white, shall tint the trees, perfume the air and deck the grass. Today, there may be wailing of wind and sobbing of storm; tomorrow, the robins will fill the orchard with music just as they have for a thousand years. Today, wrapped in a gray shroud of dead leaves, the grasses and the mosses lie hidden from sight; tomorrow, in shining green, in buds of pink and purple, they will smile again, just as they did when first they dropped from the gardens of Eternity into the fields of Time.

Should we not have the faith of bird and bud and blossom? The winter may come to the soul, so shall the summer also. The certainty of the summer of the soul is as sure as the certainty of the summer of the seasons. There is no chance—no accident. Certainty is the law of life everywhere. Let us have faith. We may not always know just how faith shall be given its full fruition, but somehow in God's way it comes. We need the faith of little children.

Two Irish lads, Patsy and Mike, used to peddle buttons and pins in the streets of London.

One day while trying to cross a crowded thoroughfare, Patsy's foot slipped. A great wagon passed over him, shattering his legs and breaking his arms. Mike called a policeman. Together they picked up Patsy, carried him to an ambulance and conveyed him to a hospital, where, in spite of all that skill and nursing could do for him, it was evident the broken lad was in a dying condition. The Sunday before the accident Patsy and Mike had been to Sunday school. They had drawn near the open door to listen to the sublime music of the organ as it crept out upon the air like the blessing of a benediction after prayer. A sweet girl near the door had beckoned them to go in. She talked lovingly with them. She told them the sweet old story of the passing of the Master—of the lame He made to walk, of the blind man who, with lifted hand, had pleaded for his sight; of the Master's words, "According to your faith, be it unto you," and of the darkness which gave way to the miracle of light.

"Children," she said, "we are all like that blind man. We stumble and grope in the dark of life, but Jesus is always passing by, and if we do but beckon to Him, if we hold up our hands and ask Him, He will hear us and heed us, and give us light and joy again, but we must have faith and hold up our hands."

Patsy lies in the hospital, broken and dying. Mike kneels on the floor at his bedside.

"Does your legs hurt you very hard, Patsy?"

"Oh, yis, Mike—I can't stand it."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some place where they wouldn't hurt you so hard?"

"O yis, Mike—I can't stand the pain much longer."

"Patsy, you know what the good girl said to us on the Sunday, that somebody by the name of Jesus was all the time a passin' by, and if we would beckon to him, and hould up our hands to him, and ax him, He would hear us—He will hear you, Patsy, and take you some place where your legs wouldn't hurt you so hard—try that Patsy."

"I'm afraid a grand, fine gintleman like Him wouldn't care anything for a boy like me that's rags and tears and Irish."

"Yis he would, Patsy; yis he would; that's the best part of it; it's the rags and the tears that houlds the gates o' Heaven wide open for the poorest of us, Irish and all!"

"I'll try, Mike."

"Dear Patsy! do Patsy—try; hould up your hand."

Patsy lifted his thin white hand, but weak and nerveless, it would not stay lifted—it fell down again.

"What'll I do, Mike? I can't hould the hand up; prop it up with the pillows and make it stay—Jesus must see the hand whin he passes by—I've got the faith in Him. Prop it up with the pillows."

Firmly propped with the pillows, the little lad's wasted hand gleamed through the night shadows of the hospital ward with the beautiful whiteness of a star.

In the morning, when the gray old doctor of the hospital went his rounds, he found Mike sobbing at the cot-side, and he found Patsy white and dead! There was a smile of ineffable sweetness upon his face, and the little white hand, whiter grown, was still lifted aloft—eloquent testimony of the faith of a little Irish

lad. His spirit had gone with the Master, for in the heart of the night He had passed by!

God never fails. His presence and blessing come with human contentment, human honesty, human love, human hope and human faith, and the joy of His goodness and the glory of His majesty are written upon the face of Nature everywhere.

On the wall of my study at home, I have a picture, the gift of a dear old Quaker friend, who, twenty years agone said: "Thee lovest Nature's beautiful, thee hast said to me. Hang this picture on thy wall in remembrance of me. It shall cheer thee when I am in the dust."

A beautiful picture, a magnificent picture of the Falls of the Yo Sem-i-te. Yo Sem-i-te, the wonderful, the mighty. Yo Sem-i-te, where the water born of the sky and the mountain-peak leaps down as with wings of light for two thousand six hundred feet over the shining rocks! What music! How the notes crash and boom with the voice of a tropic thunder. Marvelous Yo Sem-i-te. Mightiest of the Creator's temples, where in a matchless quartette of song—thundering bass in the crashing cataract, thrilling tenor in the leaping cascade, plaintive alto in the murmuring spray, and sweet soprano in the tinkling drops—voices shout from that lifted choir, "Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory," and the fingers of the wind sweep the harpstrings of the pine-trees with a grand "Amen!"

Joy is the anthem sung by these voices. Let us find the key note, and join in the singing.

BEACON LIGHTS

OF

MEN AND WOMEN

Oliver Cromwell. Frederick of Prussia. Cyrus the Great. Alexander Dumas, the elder. Joseph Reed. Andrew Marvell. Abraham Lincoln. Thomas Brassey. A princess in the time of the Crusaders. Richard Cobden. Napoleon the Great. Jesus of Nazareth. Demosthenes. John A. Rawlins. Wendell Phillips. Ralph Waldo Emerson. George Peabody. Daniel. Isaac Newton. Peter Cooper. Solomon. Savonarola. Homer. Duke of Wellington. Physical strength of great men and women. Walter Scott. Napoleon Bonaparte. Jean Paul Richter. A few great writers. Daniel Webster. Robert Bonner. Witty men who were unhappy. Arbuthnot. Abraham Lincoln. Demetrius. Persistence of great men. Tragic fate of the disciples of Christ. Tributes of great men to motherhood. Some supreme historical names. William Pitt. Oliver Goldsmith. Ten great men. Agassiz. Garret homes of great men. Michael Faraday. Sidney Carton. Atticus. Alexander the Great. George Whitefield. Lady Lawrence. Great men not wholly perfect. Anna Scott Drysdale. Eloquence of Edmund Burke. Oratory of Edward Everett. Diogenes and Alexander. Huxley. Lincoln and Liberty.

To bring out briefly and comprehensively the intellectual and moral ideals of these lives has required years of reading and reflection. These extracts are not quotations from books, but represent the epitomized thought of the author and are here given just as delivered in his lectures of the past twenty years.

BEACON LIGHTS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL. His love of truth.

Oliver Cromwell once sent to London for an artist to paint his portrait. The artist, young and ambitious, saw therein an opportunity for the making of a reputation. Cromwell was not a handsome man; his features were coarse, his skin red and rough, and covered with warts, moth-patches and hairs. The artist determined to make of the homely face of the Protector, "a thing of beauty," and straightway began to flatter him with his brush. When the portrait had sufficiently progressed to reveal the purpose of the painter, Cromwell became angry, and in a fit of rage, thundered: "Boy! thou shalt not let thy brush lie for me! Paint me just as I am—warts, wrinkles, moth-patches, hairs and all!" How many of the portraits and photographs of to-day, are made on the Oliver Cromwell plan? How many of us are brave enough to desire and demand an honest "counterfeit presentment" of ourselves?

FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA.

The courage to tell the truth is a supreme evidence of greatness; it is only the little men who lie. The Great Frederick once sent a message to the Senate which said: "I have just lost an important battle, and it was entirely my own fault."

CYRUS THE GREAT.

When asked what was the great thing to learn in life, Cyrus, the Conqueror of Babylon, replied: "To tell the truth."

ALEXANDER DUMAS, THE ELDER.

Alexander Dumas, the eminent French writer and dramatist, was a quadroon, with dark skin and kinky hair. A strain of negro blood had blown across the Mediterranean sea, and found lodgment in his veins. This would not have been, had his father heard and heeded the prayer of Tristam Shandy: "I would my father had minded what he had been about when he begat me!" Dumas frequently felt annoyance and shame because of this black spot in his breeding. It is well when a man can say "My father was clean and noble; there is no stain upon my ancestral escutcheon." It is better, nay, it is best when a father can say "My children are physically pure and clean, because I am clean. What my father was, I cannot alter; what as a father, I am, is my deep concern."

A flippant impudent dandy once sought to try the courage of Dumas in the matter of his ancestry. Was he brave enough to tell the truth concerning himself? The dandy adjusted his eye-glass, and with a grin of assurance, said to the great writer: "Pardon, Monsieur Dumas; is it true that you are a quadroon?"

"Yes," replied the dramatist, quietly and bravely. "I am a quadroon."

"Ah-ha!" sneered the dandy. "Pardon again, Monsieur Dumas; what was your father?"

"My father, if you must know," replied the great man, "was a mulatto."

"Ah-ha! We shall get at the root of the tree presently. Pardon again, Monsieur; no offence; what was your grandfather?"

"My grandfather," continued the writer, still controlling himself, "was a negro."

"Ah-ha! now we find you out! Excusez moi, Monsieur! Pardonez moi! What was your great-grandfather?"

"My great-grandfather," thundered Dumas, "was an ape! An ape, sir! My pedigree commences where yours terminates, you fool!" Cut deep as it might, Dumas could tell the truth. Truth makes the gentleman. In spite of his ancestry, Dumas was a gentleman.

JOSEPH REED. His incorruptible and unpurchaseable honor.

Nations are held together, not by armies or wealth, or law, but by what of integrity there may be in the minds and hearts and deeds of the people. These United States of America could not be, but for the integrity, the incorruptible and unpurchaseable honor of one man—Joseph Reed. In the early days of our Colonial history, Joseph Reed was the President of our Continental Congress. Poor, and at times in dire distress for want of money, food and clothing, his material existence was no luxurious holiday. There came a time of Satanic temptation to Joseph Reed. The insatiate devil of British greed, in the persons of three Commissioners, took him into an inner room, and after bolting the door, one said: "Thou and thy wife and thy children are poor and in need; we can make thee and thine rich, Joseph Reed. Here are ten thousand guineas for thee, if thou wilt sell out these thirteen Colonies to the English King."

With white lips, and features hard as iron, Joseph Reed replied: "True, I am poor; my wife is not always well clothed, not always well-fed; my children sometimes have gone hungry to their beds, and have walked shoeless in the streets; all this is true; but men of the British Commission, by the grace of the Eternal, your King is not rich enough to buy me!"

ANDREW MARVELL.

In spite of scant fare, and garret lodging, Andrew Marvell, the brave champion lover and friend of the common people in the days of Charles the Second, could not be bought from his high ideal of truth and right, even by the King himself. Upon his tomb are chiselled these words. "Beloved by good men, feared by bad men, imitated by few men—Here lie the bones of honest Andrew Marvell."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born amid the wilds of Kentucky; knowing no books but Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Constitution of the United States, the Statutes of Indiana, and a few leaves from an old torn Bible; given but two years of common cross-road country schoolhouse learning; ever in contact with the dirt and vice of frontier society, yet himself stainless as the leaf of a lily; winning his way in the face of opposing difficulties and dangers, such as never before or since in the world's history have surrounded any man; to-day worth a few dollars in that he owned a flatboat on the Ohio river; tomorrow bankrupt, with the boat and all its cargo at the river's bottom; again tossed on the

surging fluctuating sea of popular politics, he rose as might the arc-angel Michael, God-sent, to the deliverance of men; to the unselfish championship of Union and Freedom, when it seemed to men who considered themselves wise, utterly inconsistent; never losing faith when all was in peril, and suddenly snatched out of life when all had been secured; while the sweet echoes of the chinking music, made by the dropping of manacles from millions of poor, tired scarred black feet, were wafted into Heaven after him, the grandest requiem ever chanted to the memory and blessing of man since Christ as man bought with his blood a world's redemption! God crowned him, humanity's friend and hero; men knew him simply as honest Abraham Lincoln!

THOMAS BRASSEY. His conception of the value of a contract.

Thomas Brassey built the Barentin Viaduct of twenty-seven arches; when nearly completed, and loaded with wet after a heavy fall of rain, it tumbled to pieces. He was neither morally nor legally responsible for the ruin, and his lawyers maintained that the law freed him from liability, but Thomas Brassey answered and said: "Gentlemen, I contracted to make and maintain the Viaduct, and the law shall not keep me from being as good as my word." He rebuilt the Viaduct at his own cost, involving to him a personal loss of ten thousand pounds.

A PRINCESS IN THE TIME OF THE CRUSADERS Her love of her husband.

A princess in the time of the Crusaders, so loved

her husband, that when in a battle with the Turks, he was wounded with a poisoned arrow, and no physician's skill could save him, she voluntarily with her own lips sucked the poison from the wound, knowing perfectly well it would cause her own death. She died; her husband lived. She knew she would die, and she died that he might live; such is the love that is stronger than death.

RICHARD COBDEN. His work for others.

Richard Cobden, by herculean efforts, repealed the unjust corn laws of England, and enabled the poor to eat bread, and therefore the memory of him lingers, to this day, in every English cottage, bright as the light of a star—sweet as the melody of a song.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT. His tribute to the Christ.

Napoleon at St. Helena, said to Count Montholon: "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?"

"No," replied Montholon. "Who was he?"

"I will tell you who He was," said Napoleon. "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself have founded great empires, but upon what did these creations rest? Upon force. Jesus founded His empire upon love, and to-day, millions would die for Him. I have succeeded in drawing men unto myself—some of them would have died for me—but to do this, required my voice, my presence, my legions. Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years, Jesus makes a demand, which above all other demands is most difficult to satisfy; He asks for the human heart; He asks for it wholly, unreservedly, and lo! though He be absent, though He be invisible, the demand is granted. It is love alone which can do this."

JESUS OF NAZARETH. An estimate of Him.

His chief business, while on earth, was to minister to the welfare and the happiness of the sons and daughters of men. He sought out the poor and the lowly. When worshipped of men, He was the humblest. When beaten of men, He was the gentlest and the tenderest. The purity of His life has no counterpart in the history of mankind. The courtesy of His manners has never been equalled. He never made a mistake. He never committed an error, and yet His life was filled with action, swift as the stroke of the wing of the lightning. His mind made every subject plain, and every theme transparent as glass. His heart went out to all manner of men, and drew all manner of men unto Himself. His conscience knew the right, and it never failed Him. He was an epitome of the divinity in humanity. Love filled Him; therefore was Heaven in Him. Of all who ever walked the earth, He alone was truly wise. His is still the ideal life and yet two thousand years have come and gone since the touch of His feet hallowed, and made sacred the sands of the shores of Galilee.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. The statement of Publius Lentulus.

In a bit of ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, the President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome, were written these words: "There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character. His personal appearance, His words and His work, are those of a most exalted being. His hair, in shades which no united colors can match, clusters in curls about His

shoulders, parting upon the crown of His head. His forehead is smooth and large; His eyes are clear and serene; His mouth and nose are formed with exquisite beauty; His cheeks are without spot, save that of a lovely red; His beard is thick, and parted in the middle like a fork. He rebukes with majesty; counsels with mildness; persuades in language the most touching and tender. No man has ever seen Him laugh, and yet He is seen to weep frequently, and so persuasive are His tears, that none can refrain from joining in sympathy with Him. He is persistent in all well-doing. He heals the sick, restores sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and often without word or touch. He is endowed with such marvellous power, as to be able to call back the dead from their graves. His love is as the light of the sun, and it is vouchsafed to the poorest and meanest of men. The power of truth is in His every utterance and His every *act.* His followers are the common people, and they hear Him gladly; they adore Him. I learn as I write to you that He is only the son of a carpenter, and that His name is Jesus of Nazareth." NOTE.—*"What is a man worth?" one of the author's most valuable and famous lectures is based upon this writing of Publius Lentulus.*

DEMOSTHENES. How he lost his hold upon men.

When Demosthenes accepted a gold cup from one of the chiefs of Alexander, for the delivery of an oration, in defiance of the right, and in opposition to the dictates of his conscience, his eloquent voice became as an empty sound, and the sceptre of his power a thing of dust beneath his feet.

JOHN A. RAWLINS. How he showed his friendship for Gen. Grant.

In the month of June, 1863, under the guns of Vicksburg, a man of wonderful sagacity, unusual reticence and indomitable perseverance, held in the hollow of his hand the fate of this nation. Centered in him were forces of character, sufficient to lift him to the divinest height of a magnificent manhood. Every gift and power necessary for a great purpose were his. But all these splendid qualities were being perverted to base uses by the foulest enemy of mankind —drunkenness. Samson was losing his strength. The eagle, with power to sweep to the mountain height, began to flutter as with broken wing. A friend, loving this man, with faith in his mighty possibilities, in his tent at midnight, penned and sent to him this brave letter:

"My dear General:—The deep solicitude I feel for the welfare of this army leads me to mention, what I had hoped never again to do, namely, the subject of your drinking. I learn that Dr. Macmillan at General Sherman's last night induced you, notwithstanding your pledge to me, to drink a glass of wine; and today, when I found a box of wine in front of your tent, which I ordered removed, I was told that you had forbidden such removal, as you intended to keep it until you entered Vicksburg, that you might drink it with your friends. Had you not early last March given me the promise of your honor that you would drink no more during the war, and had you not faithfully kept that promise during your recent campaign, you would not now stand before the world as one of

its leading military chieftains. Your only hope of ultimate success lies in your fidelity to the pledge made to me; you cannot hope to win in any other way. When one sees a sentinel asleep at his post, it is his duty to arouse him; and when one sees the commander of a great army taking such steps in the line of his moral duty, as will jeopardize the safety and welfare of that army, if he fails to sound a proper note of warning, the sisters, daughters, wives and mothers of the brave boys whose lives he permits to be thus imperiled, will accuse him while he lives, and stand swift ministers of wrath against him in the great eternal day when all shall be tried. Let my friendship for you, and my love for my country, be my excuse for this letter, and if you fail to heed my prayer in this regard, let my removal from duty in this department be the result. I am, dear General, your friend, John A. Rawlins." Kindly received, and faithfully heeded were these brave words, and across the stormy sky of war the rescued chieftain flung the flag of freedom, and held it aloft through clouds of smoke, seas of fire and rains of blood, until the sun of peace kissed his brow at the Appomattox Court House!

WENDELL PHILLIPS. An illustration of his wit.

While engaged in the pursuit of his anti-slavery work, Wendell Phillips was not always understood, nor did he receive universal sympathy; the press and even the pulpit frequently antagonized him. One day a minister of the gospel met the great agitator on Tremont street, Boston, and after accosting him,

said, "Pardon me, Mr. Phillips, but what is the exact nature of your work in the world?" "My work in the world," replied Mr. Phillips, "is to save the negro." "Ah! precisely; why, then, do you not go down South, where the negro is, and do it and not stop here loafing round Boston?" "Pardon me," said the agitator, "but may I have the pleasure of asking you a question?" "Oh, certainly," responded the minister; "what is it?" "What is your work in the world?" "My work in the world," continued the minister, "is as you doubtless are aware, to save souls from hell." "Precisely," responded Mr. Phillips; "then why do you not go there and do it, and not stop here loafing round Boston?"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. The equanimity of his temper.

Upon one occasion, Mr. Emerson was invited to deliver an address before the congregation of an orthodox church. His remarks were characterized by the mystical habit of thought peculiar to him, and were along metaphysical lines. When he had finished, a prayer was offered by a thoroughly orthodox brother, who, among other things, said, "O Lord, may we never again be compelled to listen to such transcendental nonsense as that which this morning has been delivered in Thy house!"

As the congregation were departing from the place, Mr. Emerson said to a friend, "What is the name of the good brother who made the prayer?" It was given, and the philosopher continued, "He seems to be a very sincere and conscientious man!"

GEORGE PEABODY. His aversion to lordly distinction and titles.

George Peabody, the banker-philanthropist, gave millions to the grinding poor of London, that palsied limbs might be strong again, and sinking hearts rise again, and white lips glow as the rose again; that the toilers who labor as those who toil for crime, might have each day an hour all their own, for books and friends and flowers, and blue sky and bits of bonny woodland, and the Queen said, "Well done! I will make thee, George Peabody, a royal knight of the Order of the Bath."

Did he bow and smile and bend the knee, and say, "Most gracious Majesty, I thank thee and accept?" No! He answered simply, "My plain American citizenship is royalty enough for me!"

DANIEL. The courage of his righteousness.

Daniel was the prime minister of a hundred provinces, and the ruler over a hundred princes, and his fame was great throughout all Babylon; but even these were in the hands of a king whose merest whim might depose and silence even Daniel. He was a statesman, upon whose administration there was not flaw or stain, but malice was upon his track, and envy, a thing though blind, seeing spots upon the sun, skulked in his shadow. All his acts were brought into unfriendly review, and a decree went forth that for the space of thirty days no petition should be offered to God or man save to the majesty of the King. The righteous courage of Daniel was on trial. He had everything to lose. Did he yield? Night came. He

opened his window toward Jerusalem, as he was ever wont to do. He fell upon his knees. Fear whispered "Is it safe?" Policy hinted "Is it expedient?" Vanity urged "Will it be popular?"

His enemies listened waiting beneath his window. He reads the Word. He voices a hymn of praise. His soul goes out in prayer, just as it had for seventy years. His enemies crowd into his apartment, and accuse him of violating the king's decree, but Daniel faltered not, and with calm courage entered the pit of the beasts prepared for his punishment. His enemies rejoiced in their triumph, and waited through the night that they might gather up his broken bones in the morning, but the Hand omnipotent held him in its all-protecting hollow. With the dawn of the day the king hastened to the door of the pit, and cried aloud, "Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God whom thou servest able to keep thee from the lions?" And Daniel replied, "O king, live forever!"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON. His tenacity of conviction.

After announcing his sublime discovery of the law of gravitation, and challenged to make answering denial by the ignorant and superstitious of his time, Newton, simple, pure and brave, the whitest soul of his day, answered, "Gentlemen, I cannot; for look you, the apple falls from the tree just the same."

PETER COOPER. The Philanthropist.

When a man, worn and tired out with ninety years of patient and unselfish work for men, goes home, passes the eternal gates in answer to the gentle voice of the Father infinite, and all the hearts in the great

city that knew him stand still a moment, the eyes moisten, the lips tremble with tender words for him, dead in the coffin there, and even the servant grown gray in his service, dies for the loss of him—the life of that man must have been beautiful—nay, it was heroic.

SOLOMON. Was he wise?

Poet, philosopher, naturalist and charming singer of songs, Solomon, in genius was a colossus, but in character, a pigmy. How beautiful and wise his words! How repulsive and foolish his deeds! How sure and relentless the iron logic of every sequence growing out of his deeds! What a reflection, that he of all men should sum up the estimate of life, with a dirge of despair! "Vanity of vanities!" And yet, could aught else have been possible to Solomon, the Solomon of history, the Solomon of fact? Weary and wasted with the satiety of passion, and with every self-indulgence the world can bestow, he set at defiance every practice, if not principle of virtue. He wallowed in the mire of a seraglio, crowded with seven hundred wives, and three hundred mistresses, whose influence was so evil that he welcomed idolatrous worship, and consecrated to the obscene deities of neighboring nations a portion of one of the hills overlooking Jerusalem, a spot of surpassing loveliness, fronting the matchless temple he had erected to the God of the Universe. The broken monuments of his carer were an insecure throne, a discontented people, enemies on every hand and a contested succession. Of all monarchs, Solomon was the most magnificent, and yet in

his brief reign of forty years, he so lived as to destroy forever the power and the glory of the Jewish empire. Solomon lived for pleasure, and when pleasure reigns supreme knowledge and affection and goodness must decay. Were I asked to write an epitaph for the tomb of Solomon, and commanded to be honest, I should be compelled to write, "Here lies a fool!" And why should I say fool? Because pleasure is always the assassin of intellect, of love, of conscience. No man, be he who he may, can dance the years of life away to the music of timbrel and harp, and not hear at the last the broken tones of the discord of hell; no man, be he who he may, can live his life out with his head in the lap of a Delilah, and escape at the last the clutch upon his throat of the fingers of a Jezebel! Solomon tried it and failed.—*From the author's lecture entitled "Wisdom's Jeweled Ring."*

SAVONAROLA. His denunciation of immorality in a cultured age.

The cultivation of the intellect is not sufficient for the development of the moral life. The most magnificently intellectual age in Italian history was that under Lorenzo the Great, sometimes called "the Magnificent." There never was a time, however, in all Italian history, when men and women, and even boys and girls, were so low and vile, so thoroughly immoral as they were under the artistic and cultured Lorenzo, and against the moral rot and filth and damnation of that time were hurled the sublime thunders of the righteous wrath of brave Savonarola.

HOMER. His tribute to the power of silence.

"Silence," said Homer, "is the only thing which can prevent and defeat understanding." If you would hold a wholly unassailable and impregnable position on any given question, keep silent. "Speaking is silver; silence is gold;' this is an old and wise saying.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. His physical health and strength.

Success in life is largely a matter of health and strength; health and strength afford endurance, and success is largely a question of endurance. He who because of physical power can stand the most kicks and thumps at the heels and fists of life will generally come out conqueror. While watching the boys at play on the grounds of Eton College, the Duke of Wellington said to a friend, "It was here that the battle of Waterloo was won." The sports of youth laid the foundation of the later endurance of manhood.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN.

The successful men and women of history have been with rare exceptions the possessors of perfect health and sound, strong bodies. Socrates, Plato, Alexander, Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil, Shakespeare, Bacon, Humboldt, Napoleon, Washington, Adams, Webster, Lincoln, Cleopatra, Semiramis, Zenobia, Catherine Second, Elizabeth, Mary Somerville, Harriet Martineau, Rosa Bonheur, Charlotte Cushman, Harriet Beecher, and, indeed, the kings and queens of life everywhere have been characterized by marked physical power.

WALTER SCOTT. A veritable athlete.

Sir Walter Scott, the most prolific of Scotland's writers, was a perfect athlete. While writing the Waverley novels, he devoted the morning to his pen, and in the afternoon he hunted rabbits or fished in the mountain streams. No man could ride a wild horse like Scott. When his head was crowned with the snows of eighty winters, the sunlight still shone in his eyes, and the roses still blossomed in the red of his cheeks.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. A man of motive and energy.

The attainment of any great end depends primarily upon the possession of a motive, and secondarily upon uncompromising persistence and unswerving allegiance in the pursuit of that motive. When a boy at school, storming forts of snow, and leading an attack of boys, armed with snowballs for ammunition, with a red pocket-handkerchief for a battle-flag, Napoleon often said, "It is the motive of my life to be a great soldier." He might have lain upon his back, listening to the crooning songs of the grasses, and dreaming of the soldier's plume and cross of honor for a century, and remained nothing but the musing dreamer, but all his life was a magnificent embodiment of his favorite maxim, "The truest genius is uncompromising persistence." Energy, action, persistence, toil, will and enormous self-confidence were the Napoleonic virtues. "The Alps stand in the way of your armies," said one; "you cannot get into Italy." "There shall be no Alps," said Napoleon, and lo! his armies stand beneath Italian skies. Napoleon gave the world a key with which

to unlock the door of the temple of success, when he said to his brother, King Joseph of Spain, "Be master!"

JEAN PAUL RICHTER. The relative place of wit and wisdom.

"Wit," said Richter, "should fill only the chinks of life; wisdom should cover the great spaces."

A FEW GREAT WRITERS. To be familiar with them, is to have a complete and rounded education.

It would be impossible to read all the books of the world—even the good books, nor is it necessary. The volumes and manuscripts in the Imperial library of Paris alone would require three thousand years for their reading at the rate of a volume a day. There is more danger in reading too much than in reading too little. We should know and above all understand not something of everything, but everything of something. A half dozen writers, such as Lyell, Nicoll, Mitchell, Mrs. Somerville, Lardner and Guyot, will furnish a full acquaintance with the physical world in which we live. Lyell, in his "Elements and principles of Geology," will explain the formation and nature of the earth's floor. Guyot's "Earth and Man" will tell us of the situation and extent of the floor. Linneus and Gray will show us how beautiful and wonderful is the carpet of the earth, woven of the grasses and flowers. Mitchell in his "Lectures on the Phenomena of the Heavens" will instruct and fascinate with pictures of the ceiling of the earth, and of its star-fretted frescoes. Grote, Gibbon, Carlyle, Macauley, Bancroft and Prescott are sufficient for all needed knowledge of the

struggles and sorrows, the rights the wrongs, the triumphs and failures of peoples and nations on the wide landscape of history. Homer, Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Whittier will afford all that is needful of the inspiration and the music of poetic song, from the stirring tones of the trumpet of Jupiter, to the tender sweetness of Apollo's harp-strings; from the thunder of the tramping of armies, and through every transaction of human concernment to the gentlest melodies of the human heart. Emerson has much of the best of the subtlest, the wisest and the most inspiring of the purest and sweetest of the ideal philosophy of life and nature. He is the later and simpler Plato. Dickens and Scott, Hugo and Thackeray, George Eliot and Hawthorne are among the laurel-crowned masters of fiction. If you would go with your soul as near to God as souls can go, this side Chiron's river of shadow, touch no volume of man's theology, agonize over no books of doctrine or dogma—simply read the Bible; it is the only book in which may be seen facsimiles of the hand-writing of God, and in the rustle and whisper of whose pages may be heard hushed echoes of His voice!

DANIEL WEBSTER. How he made opportunities.

A common plea for ignorance, illiteracy and even practical failure in life, is the trite one of adverse circumstances or lack of opportunity. "Circumstances are against me, and therefore I cannot be anybody," is a very common cry. "I make circumstances," said Napoleon. "I cannot find food for my family," said

an idler. "Neither can I," said a worker, "I have to earn it!" Circumstances do not make us; they only reveal us. Waterloo revealed Wellington; it did not create him. Had he been an arrant coward, or an incompetent cypher, a thousand Waterloos could not have made him the Wellington of history. A fool cannot profit by a great occasion. "Circumstances are against us; opportunities are unfavorable"—these are the breastworks behind which skulk the timid and incompetent soldiers of the armies of mankind. These are very weak cries, very transparent excuses. Sift it, and you will find that "lack of opportunity" means lack of patience, of energy, of self-denial. What opportunity had Daniel Webster for obtaining an education? What favorable circumstance had he? Shut in by the almost impenetrable wildness of nature's riotous tangle in the hills of New Hampshire, where could he turn? But he would have an education. He held up his brain and heart to the cheering words of his mother, as a flower lifts its head to catch the sunlight and the dew, with faith in a full fruition. He walked miles to and from a country cross-road schoolhouse. He copied legal deeds and instruments. He did "chores" for a pittance. He fought every inch of the way up the stony hills of knowledge and success, and he won. Won, not so much because he had the brains, but because he had the energy. No amount of brains can make any two-legged animal a man, without energy.

DANIEL WEBSTER. He believed nothing to be impossible.

The day came for laying the top stone on Bunker

Hill monument. It was one of the nation's white days. The brightest and best of America gathered on that historic hill, glory-crowned with a hundred memories, to witness the crowning of its granite In Memoriam. Thousands surged up the hill, as waves surge up the shore of a sea, when the scorpion whips of a tempest drive them. Every man present, determined to secure the closest view of the orator. Every man struggled to stand nearest the tones of the voice of the matchless Webster. The scene was one of mad tumult. In vain the master of ceremonies cried out "Gentlemen, you must fall back!" He might as well have shaken a reed at an on-coming storm. The struggling mass of men still surged up the hill, till in their mad impetuosity, they broke the line of the military, dashed their muskets down, and trampled hundreds to the earth. Finally, Mr. Webster stepped forward, and shouted, "Gentlemen, you must fall back!" A thousand voices answered, "It is impossible!" Raising his arm and his voice, while his great black eyes flashed the fire of the lightning, he cried out, "Nothing is impossible to Americans on Bunker Hill!" An answering shout rent the heavens, a shout that made the old hill rock, and the monument tremble, and as waves roll back to the sea, so the gathered thousands fell back, moved by the mighty memories recalled by Webster's words.

ROBERT BONNER. His remarkable pluck.

In 1853 Robert Bonner bought the "Merchant's Ledger," a somewhat feeble publication; it was said to be on its last legs. He paid nine hundred dollars

for it. As the "Merchant's Ledger," it did not stand well with the people. He changed the name to that of "The New York Ledger." He knew that obscurity meant ruin. He had a plan upon which he proposed to run his paper. It was "Get something worth advertising, and advertise it for all it is worth." Fanny Fern was then at the height of her popularity. Bonner said to her, "I will pay you twenty-five dollars a column if you will contribute one column per week for my "Ledger." The offer was refused. "I will pay you fifty dollars per column." Again Fanny Fern said "No." "I will pay you seventy-five dollars." "I cannot afford to write for so small a price," was the reply; I admire your pluck, young man, and I will make you a proposition. I will write for you a story of eleven columns for one thousand dollars." "Accepted," said Mr. Bonner. His faith in his enterprise did not end here. He had secured something worth advertising, and he now proposed to advertise it for all it was worth. He expended two thousand dollars in an advertisement setting forth the fact that Fanny Fern, the most gifted woman in America, would shortly begin in the columns of Bonner's "New York Ledger" a story of absorbing interest and unequaled beauty." All this consumed what money he had. He awaited the issue. It came in the shape of a triumph. Bonner's "New York Ledger" was a financial success.

Witty Men Who Were Unhappy.

The wits of the world as a rule have not been joyous men. Jonathan Swift, perhaps the greatest of them all, was a sad man; indeed, he was in many

things a bad man, if not a mad man. He blighted the hopes of two beautiful women, Stella and Vannessa, if he did not rob at least one of them of honor. Swift died like "a poisoned rat in a hole," mad in a hospital. Moliere, whose mimicry was riotously comic, and wit ludicrous to the last degree, was a melancholy man. Burton, whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" stamps him as the wit philosophic, *par excellence,* in his chamber was mute and mopish. We are too apt to confound wit with humor. They are very different qualities. Wit is of the head; it is intellectual; the head is cold; no man is so cold as the man who is wholly intellectual. Humor is of the heart; the heart is warm. Wit cuts and bruises, and hurts; it leaves a jagged wound behind it; it may be smooth and beautiful, but it is like the lightning—a blazing scimetar of fire, demolishing what it strikes. Some one suffers when the wit is abroad the land, that the rest may laugh; hence the wit seldom or never makes a friend. He creates amusement at some sufferer's expense, and wounds some victim's feelings. The humorist is kindly and tender, and always considerate of the feelings of others. He prefers to suffer himself, rather than have any suffer because of his words. He never makes an enemy. Men love the humorist. The wit is the creator of shadow, the generator of storm. The humorist scatters sunshine, and is the harbinger of fair weather. Humorists are happy. Wits, of necessity, are unhappy. Happiness neither dwells in nor emanates from the mind of him who shoots the arrows of bitterness. Wits are of the order of Belzebub. Humorists are loved of God, who wills that all men shall be glad.

ARBUTHNOT. He wrote an honest epitaph.

Upon the tomb of Francis Charteris, the wealthy but typical reprobate of the eighteenth century, Arbuthnot caused to be carven the following epitaph: "Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Charteris, who persisted, in spite of age and infirmity, in the practice of every vice except prodigality and hypocrisy. His avarice exempted him from the first; his matchless impudence from the second. Think not, indignant reader, that his life was useless to mankind. God connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation in His sight is exorbitant wealth, by thus bestowing it upon the meanest of all mortals."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. His paramount thought was the maintenance of the Union.

When Lincoln met Hunter and Campbell and Stephens, the distinguished Confederate peace commissioners, at Hampton Rhodes, there was very much talk; very many words were in the air. In the white-hot heart of Lincoln burned the fire of one great fact; it was, that the Union, as expressed in our country, had cost all of the best that the world had done for six thousand years, and that fact must be saved. The six thousand years must not be rolled back, and lived over again. When the talk had ended, and the words had died away, Mr. Lincoln said: "Gentlemen, you may say what you will, and write what you will upon this peace compact, but you must write UNION at the top of it."

DEMETRIUS. Great in words, but greater in deeds.

Demetrius took Athens by assault, and delivered to the people a speech full of eloquent and heroic phrases. He succeeded only in causing the people to hate him the more. He observed that they were in great distress for want of corn, and he placed a large supply of grain at their disposal. The people began to admire him. Again he delivered a speech, full of tenderness, full of conciliation. An Athenian scholar, who listened, criticised him, and pointed out defects of grammar. Demetrius had not fully won the people. "For this correction," said Demetrius, "I add to my former gift five thousand measures of corn more!" Then it was that the people loved him.

PERSISTENCE OF GREAT MEN.

Why did Newton succeed? Because he pored over his books and his problems till the wind of the midnight blew the ashes of his extinguished fire all over his books and papers, warning him of the lateness of the hour and the need of rest.

Why did Reynolds become the greatest portrait painter of England? Because he often toiled with his pencil for thirty-six hours together.

What has made the poet Dryden immortal? The dauntless spirit of persistence which enabled him to labor at his lines in a veritable frenzy, heedless of privations which he did not even perceive.

THE FAITH OF GREAT MEN IN THE WORK OF THEIR LIVES.

But for his faith in the value and need of his work, Martin Luther would not have written seven hundred

and fifteen books; George Whitefield would not have traversed England, Ireland and Scotland, and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to preach the word and the cause of the Christ; John Howard would not have entered haunts of poverty and disease, watched over sick and dying criminals, and plunged into clammy dungeons, where madness and death held the red carnivals of hell until his life went out upon the altar of his grand philanthrophy, and at the foot of the cross of his sublime sacrifice.

TRAGIC FATE OF THE DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

Matthew was slain in a city of Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria until he expired. Luke was hanged from an olive tree in Greece. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. James the Less was thrown from the pinnacle of a temple and dashed to pieces. Philip was beheaded. Bartholemew was skinned alive. Jude was shot through with arrows. Thomas was impaled upon a lance. Barnabas was stoned to death. Peter was crucified with his head downwards, and Paul was beheaded by the successor of Nero. There is not in all the records of crime, since the fratricide of Cain, a writing-down of the unrighteous inhumanity of the enemies of Truth so black as this, so unjustifiable as this, so unforgiveable as this, and the Nemesis of Divine vengeance has followed in the footsteps of these wrongs, not with blow for blow, and blood for blood, not with death for death, for the Christ Himself would not have it so, but with the perpetuation and the dissemination of the truths these disciples taught, until

today the eyes of four hundred millions look to them for strength and hope, and the soul's salvation!

TRIBUTES OF GREAT MEN TO MOTHERHOOD.

"A true mother," said Napoleon, "is the best of education." Emerson said: "A mother is the measure of civilization." John Randolph testified, "But for the memory of her who taught me in the twilight to lisp at her knee, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.' I should have been an atheist."

SOME SUPREME HISTORICAL NAMES.

If we were asked to mention some of the greatest characters of history, we should not say Pharaoh, and Alexander, and Nero, and Napoleon, and Voltaire; we should say Moses, and Plato, and Luther and Shakespeare, and Washington, and Whittier, and Lincoln, and Jesus of Nazereth—He who by his word and work for men has drawn all men unto him, is supreme in the kingdom of character.

PITT, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND. The quality most needed by a Prime Minister.

Once in the presence of Mr. Pitt, the conversation turned upon the qualities most needed in a prime minister. One speaker said "Eloquence," another said "knowledge," a third said "labor." Gentlemen, said Mr. Pitt, "it is patience." It is said that throughout all his life, Mr. Pitt never once lost the control of his temper.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. At once, an inspiration and a warning.

Oliver Goldsmith was the most natural genius of his time. His "Deserted Village," all in all, is the finest poem; his "Vicar of Wakefield," the most ex-

quisite novel; and his play of "She Stoops to Conquer," the most delightful comedy in the English language. Nevertheless, he was an extravagant, impulsive, blundering man. He lacked self-containment and continuity of effort, and in every direction in which the powers of the man and not the genius were requisite, he failed. As a student at Trinity College, he was lazy and irregular, and quitted his studies in disgust. He wandered from Dublin to Cork, idling about until he was penniless, and saved from absolute hunger at the hands of a generous-hearted Irish girl, who at a wake gave him a handful of peas to eat, the flavor of which remained sweet forever in his memory. He began the study of law, but squandered the money which had been given him to pursue his course at the gaming table. He attempted the mastery of medicine, continued in its consideration a few months, but failed to take a degree. For nearly a year he wandered on foot throughout Europe, half ragged, half hungry, yet revelling in a perfect paradise of fancies and dreams, and rich only in the abundant stores of his kindly nature, and the tender melody of his magic flute. He died in great pecuniary embarrassment. His last words, when asked by a physician if his mind was at ease, were, "No, it is not."

TEN GREAT MEN. Exemplifications of the ten essential principles of perfect character, to-wit: experience, knowledge, power, strength, action, zeal, reason, justice, mercy and virtue.

Experience towers like a monument in the herculean figure of *Moses*. Prophet and legislator, there is no experience in all the wide sweep of Time, comparable to his journeyings of forty years through the wilderness to the Promised Land. In the desert of Thoran, through the parted waters of the Red Sea, amid the

lightnings of Sinai, and from the summit of Pisgah, he molded the minds and hearts of men, and for one hundred and twenty years walked with the Jehovah! Knowledge finds its supreme embodiment in *Humboldt.* All nature was his. He studied it in all its moods, its minuteness, its vastness, accumulating treasures of knowledge, and beautifully displaying their connection and unity in one grand whole. His was the grandest cosmography, involving as its consequence the ideas of Universal Mind and Supreme Intelligence.

Power attained its ultimate in the mighty *Ceasar.* He was at once soldier, statesman, scholar, poet, lawgiver, architect and mathematician, uniting therefore in himself forces at once comprehensive, wide-reaching and well-nigh universal. Armies and empires were ground to dust beneath the iron of his heel. History is content to present him in his own almost omnipotent words: "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Strength reached a climax in the mighty faith, the patience and the long-suffering of *Job,* whose trust in the goodnes and the wisdom of God, perpetuated his soul in love as a garden keeps and glorifies a flower.

Action, swift to perform, on fire to sweep to its labor, blazed like a meteor in the burning soul of *Saul of Tarsus.*

Zeal reached the pinnacle of the temple of character, in *Martin Luther.* All the world trembled when the thunders and lightnings of Luther's righteous wrath rumbled and flashed throughout Europe. Zeal is of the soul, and not of the mouth. "God hurries and drives me," said Martin Luther.

In the personality of rugged *Socrates,* Reason finds its highest representation. If, according to Emerson, Plato was philosophy, and philosophy Plato," then

was philosophy Socrates, since Plato was the pupil of Socrates, and without Socrates there could have been no Plato.

Justice blossomed into the full splendor of an aloe, in *Abraham Lincoln,* whose heart, though as wide as the sky and as deep as the sea, was too small for the dwelling-place of oppression. Within its throbbing walls he placed his country and on its door he wrote with his blood, "This is a land where every man has a right to be equal with every other man!"

In the character of tender-hearted humanity-helping *John Howard* is embodied to an unsurpassed degree the sublime principle of Mercy. When a prisoner with diseased limbs and reeling brain gasped for breath in the noisome vapors of some foul dungeon, it was John Howard who flung wide the prison doors and let the sweet air and the smile of the sunlight through.

Virtue, the amaranthine wreath of all the ten principles, sat upon the brow of the meek and lowly *Jesus of Nazereth.* Throughout the march of the centuries He alone wears Virtue's spotless crown. Hear Him: "Blessed are the pure in heart;" "Forgive us our trespases as we forgive those who trespass against us;" "Get thee behind me Satan;" "Forgive them, for they know not what they do;" "A new commandment I give unto you ,that ye love one another!"

Moses, Humboldt, Ceasar, Job, Saul of Tarsus, Martin Luther, Socrates, John Howard, Abraham Lincoln, Jesus of Nazareth.

AGASSIZ. He valued scientific research more than money.

When Agassiz was offered an enormous price to lecture, he declined, saying: "I have no time to earn money." There was not time enough in life, as he viewed it for anything outside his scientific research; money he valued not. Ideas are worth more than money to great men.

Garret Homes of Great Men.

How many garrets have been glorified by the presence of the great and good of mankind! Hayden grew up in one, and Chatterton starved in another. Addison and Goldsmith wrote in them, and Faraday and DeQuincey knew them well. Johnson dreamed sweetly in one, and Dickens passed his youth in one. Hans Christian Anderson, the fairy king, the dreamer and fashioner of sweet fancies, the friend of the children; and Collins and Franklin; and Burns and Hogarth and Chantrey knew them, and made sacred every cobweb and broken pane and damp rat hole in them!

Michael Faraday. His faith in an immortal future.

Upon one occasion, while addressing a class of students, Faraday, the great natural philosopher said: "High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is yet a higher and more exalted position within his view, and the ways are infinite in which he exercises his thoughts and hopes and expectations of a future life. Let no one suppose for a moment, that the self-education I commend with relation to the things of this life, extends to any consideration of the hope set before us. It may be realized by no effort of our own, but can be obtained only through faith in the testimony given, since no man by reasoning can find out God."

The Tributes of Great Men to Friendship.

Emerson said of Friendship: "It is like immortality, almost too good to be believed." Plato said: "I would rather have one true friend, than all the treasures and delights of Darius." Cicero said: "Neither water, fire, nor the air we breathe is more necessary to us than friendship." Zenophon said: "Friendship's perfection is the zenith of human endowment." Jeremy Taylor testified: "Friendship is that by which the world is most blessed, and receives most good." Homer touched every string of the lute of life, and

sweet above its every melody, sang this measure: "O! every sacred name in one, my friend!"

SIDNEY CARTON. A true friend.

In the red days of the French Revolution, when the skies seemed to rain blood, Sidney Carton entered the prison cell of his friend Charles Darnay, and sending him to his home, his wife and child, went in his stead to the block. In his youth, he had learned to love and still loved the wife of Charles Darnay, sweet Lucy Manette. With her husband's head beneath the knife of the guillotine, she might still be his. Friendship prevailed over love, and Carton gave back to her the husband she had chosen. They said of him in the city of Paris, as he lay dead in his coffin, that his was the most peaceful face man ever beheld. Hundreds whispered through their tears, "He is sublime! He is prophetic! He is heroic! He was the friend of Charles Darnay."

ATTICUS. By friendship he saved his country.

Atticus of ancient Rome, when he saw that the designs of all parties tended to the subversion of liberty by preserving the esteem and affection of both competitors, was able to save the commonwealth from destruction.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT. Friendship the redeeming quality of his character.

Above even his thirst for fame, the friendship of Alexander for Hephestion was paramount. He alone of all men, was Alexander willing to meet on equal terms. Every secret of Alexander's was Hephestion's. It was at his urging, that Alexander went forth to the East, to make Hellenic civilization the common possession of the world. His grief at the death of his friend, exceeded even the measure of reason. He ordered the manes and tails of all the horses of his realm to be cut off in sign of mourning.

He would not permit the flute, or any other instrument of music to be played throughout his camps. He crucified the physician who had failed to save Hephestion's life. He offered the entire male population of a conquered tribe as a sacrifice to his departed spirit, and even undertook the carving of Mount Athos into a mighty statue of the man who had been his friend. The death of Hephestion was the beginning of the downfall of Alexander. His friend had been his equilibrium and his safeguard. Alexander grew restless, suspicious and timid, and harassed and broken hearted, he died.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD. His marvelous eloquence.

Wonderful Whitefield! Coming up out of an inn, out of the dirt of the meanest drudgery, out of poverty and hunger and frost; out of the awful loneliness of friendlessness, and the agony of insult and ridicule, until inspired and redeemed by the tenderness of John Wesley's words, and the touch of his friendly hand, he became an evangelist such as the world has never known since Peter the Fisherman sat under the flaming tongues of the first Pentecost! Whitefield's words were pictures illumined. Men listening saw the scenes he painted. They heard lullabies, sweet and low, crooned by the rippling waters of Galilee. They stood, trembling and affrighted, as the wind, with sepulchral voice, moaned among the olive trees; and their faces blanched to the whiteness of death, as they saw the ghostly lips of the moon touch the pale brow of the stricken Christ, bowed beneath the awful suffering of Gethsemane! Garrick and Hume and Franklin and Chesterfield were entranced while they listened. Strong hard brutal men, bent like reeds, under the Cyclopean hammer of his volcanic emotion. A ruffian, who had threatened to kill Whitefield, dropped the jagged stone from his nerveless hand, and sobbed aloud, "I came to break your head, but you have

broken my heart." A deaf old woman, who had cursed him as he passed up the street, clambered to the pulpit stairs, that she might not lose a syllable of his sermon; even the children hung on his entrancing words with gleaming, streaming eyes. A child, after hearing him preach, became ill, and through all the pauses of her pain, murmured, "Let me go to Mr. Whitefield's God."

LADY LAWRENCE. Her heroic devotion to her husband.

During the terrible days of suffering which came to Sir Henry Lawrence, while laboring for the alleviation of the condition of the people of India, and while the wives of other officers remained in their homes of comfort and safety, in London, Lady Lawrence built and fed fires to keep off tigers and panthers, that her husband might continue unmolested in the arrangement of his plans for surveying and irrigation.

GREAT MEN NOT WHOLLY PERFECT.

Abraham and David and Moses and Paul were marred by many flaws and foibles. Men are never perfect or even great save in one or two phases of character. Leonidas was perfect in his love of country. Aristotle was perfect in his love of justice; Socrates in his love of philosophy; and Turner in his love of art; but none of these could sit wholly unabashed, had the searchlight of Diogenes been turned upon them. There is much beast and some devil in all men. Marsden, the missionary, when ill spoken of, said to a friend who offered to resent it, "What you have heard is not the worst of me! if I were to walk through the streets with my heart laid bare, the very children would stone me." If a friend has but one eye, we should not look too much upon his blind side. Let us seek rather for the best in him, and cherish and cling to that. "Hast thou observed, Doris," said a father to his daughter, "that thy friend William Stilling has lame feet?" "Yes," she replied, "I have

seen them. But he speaks so kindly and acts so nobly that I seldom look at his feet." "True, Doris," continued the father, "but young women generally look at a man's figure." "I do, too, father," was her answer, "but William Stilling pleases me just as he is; if he had straight feet, he would not be William Stilling."

ANNA SCOTT DRYSDALE. An illustration of what a wife ought to be.

Anna Scott Drysdale was the wife of Alexander Duff, the first Scotch missionary to India. In mind and heart and disposition, she was congenial to her husband. She was willing to forsake father and mother and home, and best of all herself, for him and his work. She brought to the altar of love, friendship's gifts of sympathy, confidence, integrity, and sacrifice and throughout a long life of arduous toil, and unselfish service, ever remained his inspiration, and his salvation. Alexander Duff could not have reached the high place of his fair and sweet renown, but for noble, beautiful Anna Scott Drysdale.

ELOQUENCE OF EDMUND BURKE.

When the people heard Edmund Burke, at the trial of Warren Hastings, they said at the conclusion of the first hour, "This is mere declamation;" at the end of the second hour they said, "This is a wonderful oration;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;" at the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is an atrocious criminal;" and at the last—the expiration of four days—"Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings!" The effect was such that Mr. Pitt found it necessary to move an adjournment, that the house might recover from the overpowering effect of Burke's extraordinary eloquence.

THE ORATORY OF EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett, that prince of conservatism, that

lord of the artistic and fit, failed to reach the Olympian heights of eloquent greatness. He was too anxious to be right. He was an apologetic trimmer. His desire to be right, was a desire to be right with the majority; he wished to please the larger number. True, he walked in the quiet valleys of speech, and by the sweetly murmuring brooks of musical rhetoric; he gathered all the flowers of language, and weaving them into garlands of harmonious color, hung them about the neck of his utterance. Men admired, but were not moved, not convinced by him. He knew not the avalanche, the torrent. He could pipe melodiously, but he could not thunder. His silvery veins of reflection were dug with a golden spade, but the grinding of the "mills of the gods" were to him an unknown quantity. He was an oratorical dandy; a drawing-room declaimer, and his attitudes and gestures suggested the looking-glass, so that in spite of an impressive presence, he failed to impress. His oration on "Washington" was the highest possible exhibition of the evolution of the school-boy declamation—it did not build the monument to Washington—the cause, and not the declaimer, built it. Love of the Father of his Country, in the hearts of the people was the motive power which opened purses. Had the subject been a eulogy of John Smith, it would not have touched one generous heart, but with Henry Clay as the orator, that first of American orators, the people would have said "We do not know John Smith, but here is our money." Lacking dramatic genius, Everett's attempts at the dramatic were ridiculous. At an agricultural fair, after having dwelt glowingly upon a product of New England, brighter and better than California gold, he drew from his pocket, an ear of corn. At another time, to illustrate the effect of sunlight upon dew-drops, he dipped his finger in a tumbler of water, and allowed the drops to trickle

from the end, as he held it up in the flare of the gas light.

DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Once in the city of Corinth, Diogenes attracted the attention of that military conqueror of the world, Alexander the Great. Said the conqueror, "I am Alexander the Great." Said the little yellow Diogenes, "I am Diogenes the cynic." "What can I do to serve you?" continued the conqueror. The cynic replied, "Stand out of the sunshine."

HUXLEY THE NATURALIST.

The greatness of Huxley, for whom the sea and earth and sky gave up their secrets, is shown not so much in his herculean labors in comparative anatomy, as in these words of gold: "I protest that if some great power would agree to make me always think that which is true, and do that which is right, on condition of being turned into a clock, and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND LIBERTY.

Freedom stood erect, and reached so high, it kissed the lips of God, when Lincoln said, "This is a country where every man has a right to be equal with every other man."

NOT VERY FAR AWAY.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You."

THERE'S a beautiful land they say,
By prophet and minstrel foretold,
Where the light of an endless day
Falls soft o'er the hills of gold;
No shadow e'er clouds the sky above,
'Tis Fair as sunny May;
No sad leaves fall, no roses die,
Sweet blossoms star the way,
And the hours go blithely by—
But it's ever so far away.

There's a happier land, we're told,
Far off down the river of years,
And the dwellers there never grow old,
They know neither sorrow nor tears;
No shadow e'er clouds the sky above,
'Tis fair as sunny May;
No storm shall come, no night shall hide
The smiling face of day;
There are songs in the valleys wide—
But it's ever so far away.

There's a beautiful land I know,
But not down the river of Time,
Where the sweetest of roses grow
And bells have a golden chime;
No shadow e'er clouds the sky above,
'Tis fair as sunny May;
Its sun is Truth, its star is Love,
Hope's blossoms strew the way,
And Faith is its singing dove—
And it's not very far away.